

THE
SCHOOL *K*

Of the

H E A R T ;

OR,

The *Heart* of it Self gone away from

G O D,

Brought back again to him, and instructed by him.

In XLVII. *EMBLEMS.*

L O N D O N :

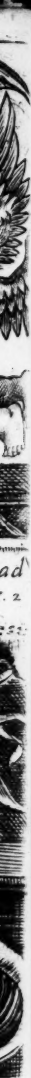
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SCHOLA CORDIS

Audiam quid
Loquatur mihi
Dominus.
Psal. 84.

Loquar ad
Cor. Isa. 2.



ad
2

11622.a.45

Christopher Harvey
of the Synagogue
appended to Herbert's temple
a copy with some

manuscript in which
the text of the Decalogue
is given in the 3rd

and an edition of the
law given in the 1st
the author of the Synagogue
has also written
Christopher Harvey



*To the Divine Majesty
of the only begotten, eternall,
well beloved Son of God, and
Saviour of the world, Christ
Jesus, the King of Kings,
and Lord of Lords, the Ma-
ker, the Mender, the Sear-
cher, and the Teacher of the
H E A R T :*

The meanest of his most unwor-
thy Servants offers up this
poor account of his Thoughts,
humbly begging pardon for
all that is amiss in them, and
a gracious acceptance of these
weak Endeavours for the ad-
vancement of his Honour in
the good of others.



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4 DE60



The School of the Heart.

The INTRODUCTION.

TUrne in, my mind, wander no more abroad,
 Her's work enough at home, lay by that load
 Of scatter'd thoughts that clogs and cumpers
 Resume thy long neglected liberty (thee:
 Of self-examination: bend thine eye
 inward, consider where thine heart doth lie,
 How 'tis affected, how 'tis busi'd: looke
 What thou hast writ thy selfe in thine own booke,
 Thy conscience: here set thou thy selfe to schoole.
 Selfe-knowledge 'twixt a wise man and a foole
 Doth make the difference: he that neglects.
 This learning, sideth with his owne defects.
 Dost thou draw backe? Hath custome charm'd thee so,
 That thou canst relish nothing but thy woe?
 Find'st thou such sweetnesse in those sugar'd lyes?
 Have forain objects so ingrossed thine eyes?
 Canst thou not hold them off? Hast thou an care
 To listen but to what thou should'st not heare?
 Art thou incapable of every thing,
 What thy senses to thy fancie bring?
 Remember that thy birth and constitution
 Promise better then such base confusion.
 Thy birth's divine, from heaven; thy composition
 Is spirit, and immortall; thine inclosure

In walls of flesh not to make thee debtor
For house-roume to them, but to make them better.
Thy body's thy freehold, live then as the Lord,
No tenant to thine owne : some time afford
To view what state 'tis in : survey each part,
And above all take notice of thine heart.
Such as that is the rest is, or will be,
Better or worse, blame-worthy or fault-free.
What ? are the ruines such thou art affrai'd,
Or else asham'd, to see how 'tis decai'd ?
Is't therefore thou art loth to see it such,
As now it is, because it is so much,
Degenerated now from what it was,
And should have been ? Thine ignorance, alas,
Will make it nothing better, and the longer
Evills are suffer'd grow, they grow the stronger.
Or hath thine understanding lost its light ?
Hath the darke night of error dimm'd thy sight
So that thou canst not, though thou wouldst, observe
All things amisse within thee, how they swerve
From the straight rules of righteousnesse and reason ?
If so, omit not then this precious season.
Tis yet schoole time, as yet the doore's not shut.
Harke how the Master calls. Come let us put
Up our requests to him, whose will alone
Limits his pow'r of teaching, from whom none
Returnes unlearned, that hath once a will
To be his scholar, and implore his skill.
Great searcher of the heart, whose boundlesse sight
Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light
The hidden things of darkenesse, who alone
Perfectly know'st all things that can be knowne.
Thou know'st I doe not, cannot, have no mind
To know mine heart : I am not onely blind,
But lame, and listlesse : thou alone canst make

Mee able, willing : and the paines I take,
As well as the successe, must come from thee,
Who workest both to will and doe in mee :
Having now made mee willing to be taught,
Make mee as willing to learne what I ought.
Or, if thou wilt allow thy scholar leave
To choose his lesson, lest I should deceive
My selfe againe, as I have done too often,
Teach mee to know mine heart. Thou, thou, canst soften,
Lighten, enliven, purifie, restore,
And make more fruitfull, then it was before,
Its hardnesse, darkenesse, death, uncleannesse, losse,
And barrennesse : refine it from the drosse,
And draw out all the dregs, heale ev'ry sore,
Teach it to know it selfe, and love thee more.
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst impart this skill :
And for all other learning take't who will.

4 DE60

B 2

Emb

Embleme I.**CONTAGIO' CORDIS .**

*Cur implevit Satanas cor tuū. Act: 5. 3.
 Corde bibis stigium morbi mortisq; venenum;
 Hic te Dum blandis decipit illecebris.*

W. M. sculpsit.

The Infection of the Heart.

ACTS 5.3.

Why hath Satan filled thine heart?

Epigr. 1.

W Hilst thou enclin'st thy *Voyce-enscigled* eare,
The *subrill* Serpents *Syren* Songs to heare,
Thy heart drinks deadly *poysen* drawn from hell,
And with a *Vip'reous* brood of sinne doth swell.

ODE I.

The Soule.

1.

Profit, and pleasure, comfort, and content,
Wisedome, and honour, and when these are spent
A fresh supply of more ! Oh heav'nly words !
Are these the dainty fruits, that this faire tree affords?

The Serpent.

2.

Yes these, and many more, if more may be,
All, that the world containes, in this one tree
Contracted is. Take but a tast, and try,
Thou maist beleewe thy self, experience can not lye.

The Soule.

3.

But thou maist lye: and with a false pretence
Of friendship rob me of that excellence,
Which my Creators bounty hath bestow'd,
And freely given me, to whom he nothing ow'd.

The Serpent.

4.

Strange composition ! so credulous,
 And at the same time so suspicious !
 This is the tree of knowledge, and untill (or ill
 Thou eat thereof, how canst thou know what's good

The Soule.

5.

God infinitely good my maker is,
 Who neither will, nor can, doe ought amisse.
 The being I receiv'd was that he sent,
 And therefore I am sure must needs be excellent :

The Serpent.

6.

Suppose it be : yet doubtlesse he that gave
 Thee such a being must himselfe needs have
 A better farre, more excellent by much : (such
 Or else be sure that he could not have made thee

The Soule.

7.

Such as he made me I am well content
 Still to continue : for, if he had meant
 I should enjoy a better state, he would
 As easily as not have giv'n it, if he would.

The Serpent.

8.

And is it not all one, if he have given
 Thee meanes to get it ? must he still be driven
 To new workes of creation for thy sake ?
 Wilt thou not what he sets before thee daine to take

The Soule.

9.

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees
 I freely take and eat : they are the fees
 Allow'd me for the dressing by the Maker :
 But of this farall fruit I must not be partaker.

The Serpent.

10.

And why ? what danger can it be to eat
 That which is good being ordain'd for meat ?

What wilt thou say? God made it not for food?
Or dur'st thou think that made by him it is not good?

The Soule.

11.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for meat:
But I am not allow'd thereof to eat.
My Makers prohibition under paine
Of death the day I eat thereof, makes me refraine.

The Serpent.

12.

Faint-hearted fondling, canst thou seare to dye,
Being a Spirit and immortall? Fie.
God knowes this fruit once eaten will refine
Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

The Soule.

13.

There's something in it sure: were it not good,
It had not in the mid'st of th' garden stood:
And being good, I can no more refraine (straine.
From wishing, then then I can the fire to burne re-

14.

Why doe I trifle then? what I desire
Why doe I not? Nothing can quench the fire
Of longing but fruition. Come what will,
Eat it I must, that I may know what's good and ill.

The Serpent.

15.

So, thou art taken now: that resolution
Gives an eternall date to thy confusion.
The knowledge thou hast got of good, and ill,
Is of good gone, and past, of evill present still.

4 DE60

B 4

Emb.

Embleme 2.



ABLATIO CORDIS.

Scortatio vinumq; et mustum intercipit
mentem. Hos: 4. 11.

Scorta placent, et vina placent, sic stult⁹ inersq;
Exanimisq; animus: sic sine Corde Cor est.

2

W.M. sculp:

The taking away of the Heart.

H O S. 4. 11.

*Whoredome and wine, and new wine
take away the Heart.*

Epigr. 2.

Base lust and luxury, the scumme and drosse
Of hell-borne pleasures, please thee to the losse
Of thy souls precious eyesight, reason; so
Mindlesse thy mind, heartlesse thine heart doth grow.

O D E 2.

I.

Laid downe already? and so fast asleepe?
Thy precious heart left loosely on thine hand,
Which with all diligence thou shouldest keep,
And guard against those enemies, that stand
Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep
Of all distresse? Rouze thee, and understand
In time, what in the end thou must confesse,
That misery at last and wretchednesse
Is all the fruit that springs from slothfull idlenesse.

2.

Whilst thou li'st soaking in security,
Thou drown'st thy selfe in sensuall delight,
And wallow'st in debauched luxurie,
Which when thou art awake and see'st, will fright
Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt descry

By the daylight the danger of the night,
 Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confesse,
 That endlesse misery and wretchednesse
 Is all the fruit that springs from riotous exceisse.

3.

Whilst thou dost pamper thy proud flesh, and thrust
 Into thy panch the prime of all thy store,
 Thou dost but gather fuell for that lust,
 Which boyling in thy liver runneth o're,
 And frieth in thy throbbing veines, which must
 Needs vent, or burst, when they can hold no more.
 But oh consider what thou shalt confesse
 At last, that misery and wretchednesse
 Is all the fruit that springs from lustfull wantonnesse.

4.

Whilst thou dost feed effeminate desires
 With spumy pleasures, whilst fruition
 The coals of lust fannes into flaming fires,
 And spurious delights thou doatest on,
 Thy mind through cold remisnesse ev'n expires,
 And all the active vigour of 't is gone.
 Take heed in time, or else thou shalt confesse
 At last that misery and wretchednesse
 Is all the fruit that springs from carelesse-mindednesse.

5.

Whilst thy regardlesse sense-dissolved mind
 Lies by unbent, that should have been thy spring
 Of motion, all thy headstrong passions find
 Themselves let loose, and follow their own swing,
 Forgetfull of the great account behind,
 As though there never would be such a thing,
 But, when it comes indeed, thou wilt confesse
 That misery alone and wretchednesse
 Is all the fruit that springs from soule-forgetfulnesse.

6.

Whilst thou remembreſt not thy later end,
Nor what a reck'ning one day thou muſt make,
Putting no difference betwixt foe and friend,
Thou ſuffer'ſt helliſh Fiends thine heart to take,
Who, all the while thou triſleſt, doe attend,
Ready to bring it to the burning lake

Of fire and brimſtone : where thou ſhalt confeſſe
That endleſſe miſery and wretchedneſſe
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſtupid heartleſneſſe.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 3.



CORDIS TENEBRÆ.

Obtenebratum est decipiens cor eorum. *Rem.*

Heu tenebras Cordis: tenebræ quibus exteriores

Succedent nisi Lux tibi luce mea.

W. M. sculp.

The darkenesse of the Heart.

R O M. I. 21.

Their foolish heart was darkened.

Epigr. 3.

*Such cloudy shadowes have eclips'd thine heart
As Nature cannot parallel nor Art :
Vn'lesse thou take my light of truth to guide thee,
Blacknesse of darknesse will at last beside thee.*

O D E 3.

I.

Tarry, O tarry, lest thine heedlesse haſt
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at laſt :
See, ſee, thine heart's already half-way there,
Thoſe gloomy ſhadowes, that encompaſſe it,
Are the vaſt confines of th' infernall pit:
O ſtay, and if thou lov'ſt not light, yet feare
That fatall darkneſſe, where
Such danger doth appeare.

2.

A night of ignorance hath overſpread
Thy mind and underſtanding : thou art led
Blindfolded by unbridled paſſion:
Thou wand'reſt in the crooked wayes of errour,
Leading directly to the King of terrour :
The courſe thou takeſt, if thou holdeſt on,
Will bury thee anon
In deep deſtruction.

3.

3.

Whilst thou art thus deprived of thy sight,
 Thou know'st no difference between noone and night,
 Though the Sun shine, yet thou regard'st it not.
 My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,
 Nor doth my mind-amazing terrour awe thee :
 Like one that had both good and ill forgot,
 Thou carest not a jot
 What falleth to thy lot.

4.

Thou art become unto thy selfe a stranger,
 Observest not thine own desert, or danger,
 Thou know'st not what thou dost, nor canst thou tel
 Whither thou goest : shooting in the darke
 How canst thou ever hope to hit the marke?
 What expectation hast thou to doe well,
 That art content to dwell
 Within the verge of hell?

5.

Alas, thou hast not so much knowledge left,
 As to consider that thou art bereft
 Of thine owne eye-sight. But thou runn'st, as though
 Thou sawest all before thee : whilst thy mind
 To neereft necessary things is blind.
 Thou knowest nothing as thou ought'st to know,
 Whilst thou esteemest so
 The things that are below.

6.

Would ever any, that had eyes, mistake
 As thou art wont to doe, no difference make
 Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell?

But, desperatly devoted to destruction,
Rebell against the light, abhorre instruction?

As though thou did'st desire with death to dwell,
Thou hatest to heare tell
How yet, thou maist doe well.

7.

Oh that thou didst but see how blind thou art,
And feel the dismall darkenesse of thine heart:

Then would'st thou labour for, and I would lend
My light to guide thee: that's not light alone,

But life, eyes, sight, grace, glory, all in one. (bend,

Then should'st thou know whither those by-ways

And that death in the end

On darkenesse doth attend.

4 DE 60

Emb.

Embleme 4.



CORDIS FUGA

columba seducta non ha^bens COR. *exa 7.11.*

Quam fugeret fugitiua tuam COR si COR haberes

Non meminisse mei non meminisse sui :

4

Michel uan lochem xcu

The absence of the Heart.

PROV. 17.16.

*Wherefore is there a price in the hand
of a foole to get wisdom, seeing he
hath no heart to it?*

Epigr. 4.

H*ad'st thou an heart, thou fickle Fugitive,
How would thine heart hate and disdain to live
Mindfull of such vaine trifles, as these be,
Resting forgetfull of it selfe and me?*

ODE 4.

The Soule.

I.

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things!
Able to make fate-blasted mortals blest,
Peculiar treasures, and delights for Kings,
That having pow'r of all would choose the best.
How doe I hugge mine happinesse that have
Present possession of what others crave?

Christ.

2.

Poore, silly, simple, sense-besotted soule,
Why dost thou hugge thy self-procured woes?
Release thy freeborne thoughts, at least controul
Those passions, that enslave thee to thy foes.

How would'st thou hate thy self, if thou did'st know
The basenesse of those things thou prizest so!

The

The Soule.

3.

They talk of goodnesse, vertue, piety,
 Religion, honesty, I know not what ;
 So let them talk for me : so long as I
 Have goods and lands, and gold, and jewells, that
 Both equall and excell all other treasure, (sure
 Why should I strive to make their paine my pleasure

Christ.

4.

So Swine neglect the pearles that lie before them,
 Trample them under foote, and feed on drasse :
 So fooles gild rotten Idols, and adore them,
 Cast all the corne away, and keep the chaffe.
 That ever reason should be blinded so,
 To graspe the shadow, let the substance goe !

The Soule.

5.

All's but opinion that the world accounts
 Matter of worth : as this or that man sets
 A value on it, so the price amounts :
 The sound of strings is vari'd by the frets.
 My mind's my kingdome: why should I withstand
 Or question that, which I my selfe command ?

Christ.

6.

Thy tyrant passions captivate thy reason :
 Thy lusts usurpe the guidance of the mind :
 Thy sense-led fancy barters good for geason ;
 Thy seed is vanity, thine harvest wind :
 Thy rules are crooked, and thou writ'st awry :
 Thy wayes are wand'ring, and thine end to die.

The Soule.

7.

This table summes me myriads of pleasure :
 That booke enroules mine honours inventory :
 These bags are stuf with millions of treasure :

The

Those writings evidence my state of glory :

These bells ring heav'nly musicke in mine eares,
To drown the noise of cumbrous cares and feares.

Christ.

8.

Those pleasures one day will procure thy paine :

That which thou glori'st in will be thy shame :

Thou'lt finde thy losse in what thou thought'st thy

Thine honour will put on another name. (gaine:

That musicke in the close will ring thy knell,

In stead of heaven toll thee into hell.

9.

But why doe I thus wast my words in vaine

On one, that's wholly taken up with toyes,

That will not loose one dramme of earth to gaine

A full eternall weight of heav'nly joyes?

All's to no purpose, 'tis as good forbear,

As speak to one, that hath no heart to heare.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 5.



CORDIS VANITAS.

Qui immoratur CORDE cogitat inania. *Ecc. i. 6. 23*

Ambitio follis vento distendit honorum

COR vanum; hunc spirat nil nisi grande NIHIL.

— 5 Michel van lochem xcu

The vanity of the Heart.

IOB 15.31.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in
vanity, for vanity shall be his re-
compence.*

Epigr. 5.

Ambitious bellows with the wind of honour
Puffe up the swelling heart, that dotes upon her :
which fill'd with empty vanity breaths forth
Nothing, but such things as are nothing worth.

O D E 5.

1.

The bane of kingdomes, worlds disquieter,
Hells heire apparent, Satans eldest sonne,
Abstract of ills, refined Elixir,
And quintessence of sinne, Ambition,
Sprung from th'infernall shades, inhabits here,
Making mans heart its horrid mansion,
Which, though it were of vast content before,
Is now puffed up, and swells still more and more.

2.

Whole armies of vaine thoughts it entertaines,
Is stufte with dreames of kingdomes and of Crownes,
Presumes of profit without care or paines,
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frownes,

In ev'ry bargain makes account of gaines,
 Fancies such frolicke mirth, as choakes and drownes
 The voyce of conscience, whose loud alarmes
 Cannot be hard for pleasures countercharmes.

3.

Wer't not for anger and for pity, who
 Could choose but smile to see vaine glorious men
 Racking their wits, straining their sinewes so,
 That thorow their transparent thinnesse, when
 They mete with Wind and Sun, they quickly grow
 Riv'led and dry, shrinke till they crack againe,
 And all but to seeme greater then they are : (bare
 Stretching their strength they lay their weaknesse

4.

See how hells Fueller his bellowes plies,
 Blowing the fire, that burnt too fast before :
 See how the furnace flames, the sparkles rise
 And spread themselves abroad still more and more :
 See how the doating soule hath fixt her eyes
 On her deare fooleries, and doth adore
 With hands and heart lift up those trifling toys,
 Wherewith the devill cheates her of her joyes.

5.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd, that glitt'ring crowne,
 On which thou gazest, is not gold but grief,
 That scepter sorrow : if thou take them downe,
 And try them, thou shalt find what poore relief
 They could afford thee, though they were thine owne,
 Didst thou command ev'n all the world in chief,
 Thy comforts would abate, thy cares encrease,
 And thy perplexed thoughts disturbe thy peace.

6.

Those pearles so thorow pierc'd, and strung together,
 Though

Though jewells in thine eyes they may appeare,
Will prove continu'd perills, when the weather
Is clouded once, which yet is faire and cleare.
What will that fanne, though of the finest feather,
Steed thee, the brunt of windes and stormes to beare?
Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,
And the shrill trumpets sound shall strike thee dead.

7.

Were all those balls, which thou in sport dost tosse,
Whole worlds, and in thy power to command,
The gaine would never countervaile the losse,
Those slipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand,
Thou canst have no fast hold but of the crosse,
And thou wilt fall, where thou dost thinke to stand.
Forfake these follies then, if thou wilt live:
Timely repentance may thy death reprove.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 6,



CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Fili hominum, usquequò gravi CORDE, *psal 43.*

Crapula et ebrietas solidi duo pondera plumbi.

Nata polo. sursum tendere CORDA vetant.

6 Michel uan lochem excu

The oppression of the Heart.

LUKE 21.34.

*Take heed lest at any time your hearts
be overcharged with surfeiting and
drunkenness.*

Epigr. 6.

T*wo massy weights, Surfeiting, Drunkenness,
Like mighty logs of lead, doe so oppresse
The heav'n-borne hearts of men, that to aspire
Upwards they have nor power nor desire.*

ODE. 6.

I.

Monster of sins ! See how th'inchant'd soule
O'rcharg'd already calls for more.
See how the hellish skinker plies his bowle,
And's ready furnished with store,
Whilst cups on every side
Planted attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled dishes mounted stand,
Like hills advanced upon hills,
And the abundance both of sea and land
Doth not suffice, ev'n what it fills,
Mans dropfy appetite,
And Cormorant delight.

3.

See how the poyson'd body's puffed, and swell'd,
The face enflamed glowes with heat,
The limbs unable are themselves to welld,
The pulses deaths alarme doe bear :
Yet man sits still, and laughs,
Whilst his owne bane he quaffes.

4.

But where's thine heart the while, thou senselesse sot ?
Looke how it lieth crusht, and quell'd,
Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot
Move from the place, where it is held,
Nor upward once aspire
With heavenly desire.

5.

Thy belly is thy God, thy shame thy glory,
Thou mindest only earthly things ;
And all thy pleasure is but transitory,
Which grief at last and sorrow brings :
The courses thou dost take
Will make thine heart to ake.

6.

Is't not enough to spend thy precious time
In empty idle complement,
Unlesse thou straine (to aggravate thy crime)
Nature beyond its owne extent,
And force it to devoure
An age within an houre ?

7.

That which thou swallow'st is not lost alone,
But quickly will revenged be,
By seasing on thine heart, which like a stone

Lyes buri'd in the midd'lt of thee,
Both void of common sence
And reasons excellence.

8.

Thy body is diseases rendezvous,
Thy mind the market place of vice,
The devill in thy will keeps open house,
Thou liv'st, as though thou would'st intice
Hell torments unto thee,
And thine owne devill be.

9.

Oh, what a dirty dunghill art thou growne,
A nasty stinking kennell foule!
When thou awak'st and seest what thou hast done,
Sorrow will swallow up thy soule,
To think how thou art foyl'd,
And all thy glory spoyl'd.

10.

Or if thou canst not be asham'd, at least
Have some compassion on thy self:
Before thou art transformed all to beast,
At last strike saile, avoid the shelf,
Which in that gulfe doth lie,
Where all that enter die.

4 DE60

C 2

Emb

Embleme 7.**CORDIS AVARITIA.**

Diuitia si affluant nolite COR

apponere . Psal. 61 . 11 .

COR ubi sit quis vaga et excors . scilicet hic est .

Est ubi . quod proprio plus tibi corde placet .

Michiel uan lacanen excu

The covetousnesse of the Heart.

M A T. 6.21.

*Where your treasure is, there will
your heart be also.*

Efigr. 7.

Dost thou enquire, thou heartlesse wanderer;
Where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.
Here thine heart is, where that is, which above
Thine own deare heart thou dost esteem, and love.

O D E. 7.

I.

See the deceitfulnesse of sinne,
And how the devill cheaterh worldly men:
They heape up riches to themselves, and then
They think they cannot choose but winne,
Though for their parts
They stake their hearts.

2.

The Merchant sends his heart to sea
And there together with his ship 'tis tost:
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost,
His confidence is cast away:
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

3.

The Pedlar cries, What doe you lack?
 What will you buy? and boasts his wares the best:
 But offers you the refuse of the rest,
 As though his heart lay in his pack,
 Which greater gaine
 Alone can draine.

4.

The Plowman furrowes up his land,
 And sowes his heart together with his seed,
 Which both alike earth-borne on earth doe feed,
 And prosper or are at a stand:
 He and his field
 Like fruit doe yeeld.

5.

The Broker, and the Scriv'ner have
 The Us'ers heart in keeping with his bands:
 His soules deare sustenance lyes in their hands,
 And if they break their shop's his grave.
 His int'rest is
 His only blisse.

6.

The Money-horder in his bags
 Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest;
 The same key serves to that, and to his brest,
 Which of no other heaven brags:
 Nor can conceit
 A joy so great.

7.

So for the greedy Landmunger:
 The Purchases he makes in ev'ry part
 Take livery and seisin of his heart:

Yet his insatiate hunger,
For all his store,
Gapes after more.

8.

Poore wretched Muckwormes, wipe your eyes,
Uncase those trifles that besot you so:
Your rich appearing wealth is reall woe,
Your death in your desires lyes.
Your hearts are where
You love, and feare.

9.

Oh, think not then the world deserves
Either to be belov'd, or fear'd by you:
Give heaven these affections as its due,
Which alwayes what it hath preserves
In perfect blisse
That endlesse is.

4 DE 60

C 4 Emb.

Embleme 8.

CORDIS DVRTIES
 COR suum posuerunt ut adamantem
 ne audirent legem. *zach. 7. 12.*
Nec te verba mouent, nec verbera, nec mea dona,
Ferrea pæduri COR adamantis habens.
 8 *Michel van lochem excu.*

The hardnesse of the Heart.

Z E C H. 7. 12.

They made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should beare the Law.

Epigr. 8.

Words move thee not, nor works: nor gifts, nor
Thy sturdy adamantine heart provokes (strokes:
My Justice, sleights my mercies: Anvile-like
Thou stand'st unmoved, though my hammer strike.

O D E 8.

1.

What have we here? An heart? It lookes like one,
The shape, and colour speake it such:
But having brought it to the touch
I find it is no better then a stone.

Adamants are
Softer by farre.

2.

Long hath it slepted been in Mercies milke,
And soaked in salvation,
Meet for the alteration
Of anvills to have made them soft as filke;
Yet it is still
Hard'ned in ill.

3.

Oft have I rain'd my Word upon it, oft
 The dew of heaven hath distill'd,
 With promises of mercy fill'd,
 Able to make mountaines of marble soft :
 Yet it is not
 Changed a jot.

4.

My beames of love shine on it every day,
 Able to thaw the thickest ice,
 And where they enter in a trice
 To make congealed CrySTALL melt away :
 Yet warme they not
 This frozen clot.

5.

Nay more, this hammer, that is wont to grind
 Rocks unto dust, and powder small,
 Makes no impression at all,
 Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw, that I can find :
 But leaves it as
 Before it was.

6.

Is mine Almighty arme decai'd in strength?
 Or hath mine hammer lost its weight?
 That a poore lump of earth should sleight
 My mercies, and not feele my wrath at length,
 With which I make
 Ev'n heav'n to shake?

7.

No, I am still the same, I alter not,
 And, when I please, my workes of wonder
 Shall bring the stoutest spirits under;

And make them to confesse it is their lot
To bow or break,
When I but speak.

8.

But I would have men know, 't is not my Word,
Or works alone can change their hearts :
These instruments performe their parts,
But 'tis my Spirit doth this fruit afford.
'Tis I, not art,
Can melt mans heart.

9.

Yet would they leave their customary sinning,
And so unclench the devills claws,
That keeps them captive in his pawes,
My bounty soone should second that beginning :
Ev'n hearts of steel
My force should feel.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 9.



CORDIS DIVISIO.

Diuisum est COR eorum: nunc
interibunt. *esai. io. 2.*

Ne tibi cum totum dederim vanissima, CORDIS,

Cur mihi. virgo. tui pars aliquanta datur?

9. *Michel uan lochen &c.*

The division of the Heart.

H O S. 10.2.

*Their heart is divided; now shall they be
found faulty.*

Epigr. 9.

*V*Aine trifling Virgin, I my selfe have given
wholly to thee: and shall I now be driven
To rest contented with a petty part,
That have deserved more then a whole heart?

O D E. 9.

1.

More mischief yet? was't not enough before

To robbe me wholly of thine heart,

Which I alone

Should call mine owne,

But thou must mock me with a part?

Crowne injury with scorne to make it more?

2.

What's a whole heart? scarce flesh enough to serve

A Kite one breakfast: how much lesse,

If it should be

Offer'd to me?

Could it sufficiently expresse

What I for making it at first deserve?

3.

I gave't thee whole, and fully furnished
With all its faculties entire,
There wanted not
The smallest jot,
That strictest justice could require
To render it compleatly perfected.

4.

And is it reason what I gave in grosse
Should be return'd but by retaile?
To take so small
A part for all,
I reckon of no more availe,
Then where I scatter gold to gather drosse.

5.

Give me thine heart but as I gave it thee :
Or give it me at least as I
Have given mine
To purchase thine.
I halv'd it not when I did die :
But gave my self wholly to set thee free.

6.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart,
And when thine heart by sinne was flaine,
I laid downe mine
To ransome thine,
That thy dead heart might live againe,
And live entirely perfect, not in part.

7.

But whilst thine heart's divided it is dead,
Dead unto me, unless it live
To me alone,
It is alone

To keepe all, and a part to give :
For what's a body words ~~without~~ an head ?

8.

Yet this is worfe, that what thou keep'st from me
Thou dost bestow upon my foes :

And those not mine
Alone, but thine,

The proper causes of thy woes,
For whom I gave my life to set thee free.

9.

Have I betroth'd thee to my selfe, and shall
The devill, and the world, intrude

Upon my right,
Ev'n in my sight?

Think not thou canst me so delude.
I will have none, unlesse I may have all.

10.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,
I gave all that I had for it :

If I must loose,
I'll rather choose

Mine interest in all to quit :
Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 10.



CORDIS INSATIABILITAS ;

Insatiabilis oculus cupidi. Eccli. 14. 9.

Non triquetrum toto COR est Satiabile mundo;

Solum, quæ fecit, COR replet vna trias.

10 Michel uan lochem xcu

The insatiablenesse of the Heart.

H A B. 2.5.

who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.

Epigr. 10.

THe whole round world is not enough to fill
The Hearts three corners, but it craveth still.
Onely the Trinity, that made it, can
Suffice the vast triangled heart of man.

ODE. 10.

1.

The thirsty earth and barren wombe cry, Give:
The grave devoureth all that live:
The fire still burneth on, and never saith,
It is enough: The horseleech hath
Many more daughters: but the heart of man
Outgapes them all as much as heav'n one span.

2.

Water hath drown'd the earth: the barren wombe
Hath teem'd sometimes, and been the tombe
To its owne swelling issue: and the grave
Shall one day a sicke surfeit have:
When all the fuell is consum'd, the fire
Will quench it selfe, and of it self expire.

3.

3.

But the vast heart of man's insatiate,
 His boundlesse appetites dilate
 Themselves beyond all limits, his desires
 Are endlesse still : whilst he aspires
 To happinesse, and faine would find that treasure
 Where it is not, his wishes know no measure.

4.

His eye with seeing is not satisfi'd,
 Nor's eare with hearing : he hath tri'd
 At once to furnish ev'ry sev'ral sense
 With choise of curious objects, whence
 He might extract, and into one unite
 A perfect quintessence of all delight.

5.

Yet, having all that he can fancy, still
 There wanteth something more to fill
 His empty appetite. His mind is vext,
 And he is inwardly perplext
 He knowes not why : when as the truth is this,
 He would find something there where nothing is.

6.

He rambles over all the faculties,
 Ranfacks the secret treasures
 Of Art and Nature, spells the Universe
 Letter by letter, can reherse
 All the Records of time, pretends to know
 Reasons of all things, why they must be so.

7.

Yet is not so contented, but would faine
 Prie in Gods Cabinet, and gaine
 Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,
 Anticipate the day of Doome,

And read the issues of all actions so,
As if Gods secret counsells ~~he did~~ know.

8.

Let him have all the wealth, all the renowne,
And glory, that the world can crowne
Her dearest darlings with ; yet his desire
Will not rest there, but still aspire.
Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation
Containe his wishes, or his expectation.

9.

The heart of man's but little, yet ~~this~~ All
Compared thereunto's ~~but~~ small,
Of such a large unparallel'd ~~extense~~
Is the short-lin'd circumference
Of that three-corner'd figure, ~~which~~ to fill
With the round world is to leave empty still.

10.

Go greedy soule, addresse thy selfe to heav'n,
And leave the world, as 't is, becau'n
Of all true happinesse, or any thing
That to thine heart content ~~can~~ bring,
But there a trine-une God in glory sits,
Who all grace-thirsting hearts both fills and fits.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme II.**CORDIS REVERSIO.**

Redite præuicatores ad COR. *Isai. 46. 8.*

Quin mihi iam toties reuocata reuerteris ad COR !

Nolle redire, merum velle perire, puta.

Michel uan lochem excu.

The returning of the Heart.

ISA Y 46.8.

*Remember this, and shew your selves men:
bring it again to heart, O ye transgressors.*

Epigr. 11.

O *ft have I call'd thee : O returne at last,
Returne unto thine heart : let the time p. &
Suffice thy wanderings : know that to cher sh
Revolt'ing still is a meer will to perish.*

O D E. II.

Christ.

1.

Returné O wanderer, returne, returne.
Let me not alwayes wast my words in vaine
As I have done too long. Why dost thou spurn (gain?
And kick the counsells that should bring thee back a-

The Soule.

2.

What's this that checks my course? Me thinks I feel
A cold remisnesse seising on my mind:
My stagger'd resolutions seem to reel,
As though they had in hast forgot mine heart behind.

Christ.

3.

Returne, O wanderer, returne, returne.
Thou art already gone too farre away,
It is enough : unlesse thou meane to burne
In hell for ever, stop thy course at last and stay.

The Soule.

4.

There's something holds me back, I cannot move
Forward

Forward one foot : me thinks the more I strive
 The lesse I stirre. Is there a pow'r above
 My will in me, that can my purposes reprove?

Christ.

5.

No power of thine own : 't is I, that lay
 Mine hand upon thine haste : whose will can make
 The restless motions of the heavens stay, (take
 Stand still, turne back againe, or new found courses

The Soule.

6.

What ? am I riveted, or rooted here ?
 That neither forward, nor on either side
 I can get loose ? Then there's no hope I feare,
 But I must back againe, what ever me betide.

Christ.

7.

And back again thou shalt. I'll have it so.
 Though thou hast hitherto my voyce neglected,
 Now I have handed thee, I'll have thee know,
 That what I will have done shall not be uneffected.

The Soule.

8.

Thou wilt prevaile then, and I must returne.
 But how ? or whither ? when a world of shame,
 And sorrow, lies before me, and I burne
 With horror in my self to think upon the same.

9.

Shall I returne to thee ? Alas, I have
 No hope to be received : a runne-away,
 A rebell to returne ! mad men may rave
 Of mercy miracles, but what will Justice say ?

10.

Shall I returne to mine owne heart ? Alas,
 'Tis lost, and dead, and rotten long ago,
 I cannot find it what at first it was,
 And it hath been too long the cause of all my woe.

11.

Shall I forsake my pleasures, and delights,
My profits, honours, comforts, and contents,
For that, the thought whereof my mind affrights,
Repentant sorrow, that the soule asunder rents?

12.

Shall I returne, that cannot though I would?
I, that had strength enough to go astray,
Find my self faint, and feeble, now I should
Returne. I cannot runne, I cannot creep this way.

13.

What shall I doe? Forward I must not goe,
Backward I cannot: if I tarry here,
I shall be drowned in a world of woe,
And antedate mine own damnation by despaire.

14.

But is't not better hold that which I have,
Then unto future expectation trust?
Oh no: to reason thus is, but to rave.
Therefore returne I will, because returne I must.

Christ.

15.

Returne, and welcome: if thou wilt thou shalt.
Although thou canst not of thy selfe, yet I,
That call, can make thee able. Let the fault
Be mine, if when thou wilt returne I let thee lie.

4 DE60

Emb.

Embleme 12.



CORDIS EFFUSIO .

Effunde, sicut aquam COR tuum
ante conspectum Domini *Thren. 2. 19.*

Vota quid ocluso, quid vulnera pectore celas?

Ante Deum fusc COR natet, instar aque

12

Michel uan lochem excu

The powring out of the Heart.

L A M. 2. 19.

*Powre out thine heart like water before
the face of the Lord.*

Epigr. 12.

WHy dost thou bide thy wounds? why dost thou bide
In thy close breast thy wishes, and so side
With thine owne soares and sorrowes? Like a spout
Of water let thine heart to God break out.

O D E. 12.

The Soule.

I.

Can death, or hell, be worse then this estate?
Anguish, amazement, horror, and confusion,
Drowne my distracted mind in deep distresse.
My grief's grown so transcendent, that I hate
To heare of comfort, as a false Conclusion
Vainly inferr'd from feigned Premises.

What shall I do? what strange course shall I try,
That, though I loath to live, yet dare not die?

Christ.

2.

Be rul'd by me, I'll teach thee such a way,
As that thou shalt not onely draine thy mind
From that destructive deluge of distresse,
That overwhelmes thy thoughts, but clear the day,
And soone recover light, and strength to find,
And to regaine thy long lost happinesse.

Confesse, & pray. Say what it is do haile thee, (thee)
What thou wouldst have, and that shall soon avails

The Soule.

3.

Confesse and pray? If that be all, I will.

Lord, I am sick, and thou art health, restore me.

Lord, I am weake, and thou art strength, sustaine me.

Thou art all goodnesse, Lord, and I all ill.

Thou Lord, art holy, I uncleane before thee.

Lord, I am poor, and thou art rich, maintaine me.

Lord, I am dead, and thou art life, revive me.

Justice condemnes, let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miscreant I am, compos'd

Of sinne, and misery; 't is hard to say,

Which of the two allyes me most to hell:

Native corruption makes me indispos'd

To all that's good, but apt to go astray,

Prone to doe ill, unable to doe well.

My light is darknesse, and my liberty

Bondage, my beauty foule deformity.

5.

A plague of leprosie o'rspreadeth all

My pow'rs, and faculties: I am uncleane,

I am uncleane: my liver broyles with lust,

Rancor and malice overflow my gall,

Envy my bones doth rot, and keep me leane,

Revengefull wrath makes me forget what's just:

Mine eare's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evill,

And hating goodnesse makes me parcell devill.

6.

My callous conscience is cauteriz'd;

My trembling heart shakes with continuall feare:

My frantick passions fill my mind with madnesse:

My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd:

My poys'nous tongue spits venome ev'ry where:

My wounded spirit's swallow'd up with sadnesse :
Impatient discontentment plagues me so,
I neither can stand still, nor forward goe.

7.

Lord, I am all diseases : hospitralls,
And bills of Mountebanks, have not so many,
Nor halfe so bad. Lord, heare, and help, and heale me.
Although my guiltinesse for vengeance calls,
And colour of excuse I have not any,
Yet thou hast goodnesse, Lord, that may availe me.
Lord, I have powr'd out all my heart to thee :
Vouchsafe one drop of mercy unto me.

4 DE60

Embleme 13.



CORDIS CIRCVMCISIO.
circumcidite præputium

CORDIS uestri. Deuteron .io .16.

Crux capulum. chalybem cultro dat lancea clauus

Ferrum. hoc COR circum-cide deoqꝫ sacra.

13 *Michel van lochem excu*

The circumcision of the Heart.

DEVT. 10. 16.

*Circumcise the foreskin of your heart, and
be no more stiffnecked.*

Epigr. 13.

Here, take thy Saviours crosse, the nailes, and speare,
That for thy sake his holy flesh did teare:
Use them as knives thine heart to circumcise,
And dresse thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

ODE. 13.

1.

Heale thee? I will. But first I'll let thee know
What it comes to. ;
The plaister was prepared long agoe:
But thou must doe
Something thy selfe, that it may bee
Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

I, to that end, that I might cure thy sores,
Was slaine, and dy'd,
By mine owne people was turn'd out of doores,
And crucify'd:
My side was pierced with a speare,
And nailes my hands and feet did teare.

3.

Doe thou then to thy selfe, as they to mee:
Make haste, and try,
The old man, that is yet alive in thee,
To crucifie.

Till he be dead in thee, my blood
Is like to doe thee little good :

4.

My course of phyfick is to cure the soule
By killing sinne.
So then, thine owne corruptions to controule
Thou must beginne.
Untill thine heart be citcumcis'd,
My death will not be duly priz'd.

5.

Consider then my crosse, my nailes, and speare,
And let that thought
Cut Rasor-like thine heart, when thou dost heare,
How deare I bought
Thy freedome from the pow'r of sinne,
And that distresse which thou wast in.

6.

Cut out the iron sinew of thy neck,
That it may be
Supple, and pliant to obey my beck,
And learne of me.
Meeknesse alone, and yeelding, hath
A power to appease my wrath.

7.

Shave off thine hairy scalpe, those curled locks
Powd' red with pride,
Wherewith thy scornfull heart my judgements mocks,
And thinks to hide
Its thunder-threatned head, which bared
Alone is likely to be spared.

8.

Rippe off those seeming robes, but reall rags,
Which earth admires

As honourable ornaments, and brags
That it attires,
Cumberers thee with indeed. Thy sores
Fester with what the world adores.

9.

Clip thine Ambitions wings, let downe thy plumes,
And learne to stoope,
Whilst thou hast time to stand. Who still presumes
Of strength will droope
At last, and flagge, when he should flye.
Falls hurt them most that climbe most high.

10.

Scrape off that scaly scurffe of vanities,
That clogges thee so :
Profits and pleasures are those enemies,
That worke thy woe.
If thou wilt have me cure thy wounds,
First ridde each humor that abounds.

4 DE60

Embleme 14.



CORDIS CONTRITIO.

COR contritum et humiliatum.

Deus, non despicies, *Psal. 50. 19.*

In partes quam mille velim contundere COR hoc.

Quod fuit auctori sponte rebelle suo.

14. *Michel uan lochem excu.*

The contrition of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Epigr. 14.

How gladly would I bruise, and breake this heart
Into a thousand pieces, till the smart
Make it confesse, that, of its owne accord,
It wilfully rebell'd against the Lord?

O D E. 14.

I.

Lord, if I had an arme of pow'r like thine,
And could effect what I desire,
My love-drawne heart, like smallest wyre,
Bended and writhen, should together twine,
And twisted stand
With thy command:
Thou should'st no sooner bid, but I would goe,
Thou should'st not will the thing I would not doe.

2.

But I am weake, Lord, and corruption strong:
When I would faine doe what I should,
Then I cannot doe what I would:
Mine action's short, when mine intention's long:
Though my desire
Be quick as fire,

D 5

Yet

Yet my performance is as dull as earth,
And stifles its own issue in the birth.

3.

But what I can doe, Lord, I will, since what
I would I cannot : I will try
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,
Being calm'd, and tempered with that
Liquor which falls
From mine eye-balls,
Will worke more pliantly, and yeeld to take
Such new impression as thy grace shall make.

4.

In mine owne conscience then, as in a mortar
I'll place mine heart, and bray it there :
If grieve for what is past, and feare
Of what's to come be a sufficient torture,
I'll breake it all
In pieces small :
Sinne shall not finde a sheard without a flaw,
Wherein to lodge one lust against thy law.

5.

Remember then, mine heart, what thou hast done ;
What thou hast left undone : the ill
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is still
Thy cursed issue onely : thou art growne
To such a passe,
That never was,
Nor is, nor will there be, a sinne so bad,
But thou some way therein an hand hast had.

6.

Thou hast not been content alone to sinne,
But hast made others sinne with thee,
Yea made their finnes thine owne to be,

By liking, and allowing them therein.

Who first beginses,
Or followes, finnes.

Not his owne finnes alone, but sinneth o're
All the same finnes, both after, and before.

7.

What boundlesse sorrow can suffice a guilt
Grown so transcendent? Should thine eye
Weepe seas of blood, thy sighes outvie
The winds when with the waves they run at tilt,
Yet they could not
Cancell one blot.

The least of all thy finnes against thy God
Deserves a thunderbolt should be thy rod.

8.

Break then, mine heart: and since thou cannot grieve
Enough at once, while thou art whole,
Shiver thy self to dust, and dole
Thy sorrow to the sev'rall atomes, give
All to each part,
And by that art
Strive thy dissever'd self to multiply,
And want of weight with number to supply.

4 DE60

Embleme 15.



CORDIS HUMILIATIO.

Deprime COR tuum et sustine. Ecch. 2. 2

COR. nimis beatus esse gaudens sublimibus. effert.

Ne super impositum. deprimat illud. onus.

Michel van lochem excu.

The humiliation of the Heart.

E C C L. 7.9.

*The patient in spirit is better then the
proud in spirit.*

Epigr. 15.

M*ine heart, alas, exalts it self too high,
And doth delight a loftier pitch to flye,
Then it is able to maintaine, unlesse
It feel the weight of thine imposed presse.*

O D E. 15.

I.

So let it be,

Lord, I am well content,
And thou shalt see

The time is not mis-spent,
Which thou dost then bestow, when thou dost quell
And crush the heart, that pride before did swell.

2.

Lord, I perceive

As soone as thou dost send,
And I receive

The blessings thou dost lend,
Mine heart begins to mount, and doth forget
The ground whereon it goes, where it is set.

3. In

3.

In health I grew
 Wanton, began to kick,
 As though I knew
 I never should be sick.
 Diseases take me downe, and make me know,
 Bodies of brasse must pay the death they owe.

4.

If I but dreame
 Of wealth, mine heart doth rise
 With a full streame
 Of pride, and I despise
 All that is good, untill I wake, and spie
 The swelling bubble prickt with povery.

5.

A little wind
 Of undeserved praise
 Blowes up my mind,
 And my swoll'n thoughts doth raise
 Above themselves, untill the sense of shame
 Makes me contemne my self-dishonour'd name.

6.

One moments mirth
 Would make me run starke mad,
 And the whole earth,
 Could it at once be had,
 Would not suffice my greedy appetite,
 Did'st thou not paine in stead of pleasure write.

7.

Lord, it is well,
 I was in time brought downe,
 Else thou canst tell,
 Mine heart would soone have flow'n

Full in thy face, and studi'd to require
The riches of thy goodnesse with despight.

8.

Slack not thine hand,

Lord, turne thy Screw about :

If thy Presse stand,

Mine heart may chance slip out.

O quest it unto nothing, rather then

It should forget it selfe, and swell again.

9.

Or if thou art

Dispos'd to let it goe,

Lord, teach mine heart

To lay it selfe as low,

As thou canst cast it : that prosperity

May still be temper'd with humility.

10.

Thy way to rise

Was to descend : let me

My selfe despise,

And so ascend with thee.

Thou throw'st them down, that lift themselves on high,

And raisest them, that on the ground doe lie.

4 DE60

Embleme 16.



CORDIS EMOLLITIO.

Deus molliuit COR meum .Iob. 23. 16

COR marmor glaciæ. Deus. ceu cera. liqueſcet.

Vrere cum tuus hoc ceperit ignis amor.

Michel uan lochem æcū.

The softening of the Heart.

I O B 23.16.

God maketh my heart soft.

Epigr. 16.

M*ine heart is of it selfe a marble ice,
Both cold, and hard : but thou canst in a trice
Melt it like waxe, great God, if from above
Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.*

O D E. 16.

I.

Nay, blessed Founder, leave me not :
If out of all this gior
There can but any gold be got,
The time thou dost bestow, the cost,
And paines will not be lost :
The bargaine is but hard at most.
And such are all those thou dost make with me :
Thou know'st thou canst not but a loser be.

2.

When the Sun shines with glitt'ring beames,
His cold dispelling gleames
Turne snow, and ice to wat'ry streames.
The waxe, as soone as it hath smelt
The warmth of fire, and felt
The glowing heat thereof, will melt.

Yea

Yea pearles with vinegar dissolve we may,
And adamants in bloud of goats, they say.

3.

If nature can doe this, much more,
Lord, may thy grace restore
Mine heart to what it was before.
There's the same matter in it still,
Though new inform'd with ill,
Yet can it not resist thy will.

Thy pow'r, that fram'd it at the first, as oft
As thou wilt have it, Lord, can make it soft.

4.

Thou art the Sun of righteousness:
And though I must confesse
Mine heart's growne hard in wickednesse,
Yet thy resplendent rayes of light,
When once they come in sight,
Will quickly thawe what froze by night.
Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell
Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.

5.

Although mine heart in hardnesse passe
Both iron, steel, and brasie,
Yea th'hardest thing that ever was,
Yet, if thy fire thy Spirit accord,
And working with thy word
A blessing unto it afford,
It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,
But melt it self away before thy throne.

6.

Yea, though my flinty heart be such,
That the Sun cannot touch,
Nor fire sometimes affect it much,
Yet thy warme reeking self-shed blood,

O Lamb of God, 's so good
It cannot alwayes be withstood.
That Aqua-regia of thy love prevailes,
Ev'n where thy powers Aqua-fortis failes.

7.

Then leave me not so soon, dear Lord,
Though I neglect thy Word,
And what thy power doth afford,
Yet try thy mercy, and thy love,
The force thereof may move,
When all things else succesleffe prove.
Soakt in thy bloud mine heart will soone surrender
Its native hardnesse, and grow soft, and tender.

4 DE60

Embleme 17.



CORDIS MVNDATIO.

Lava a malitiâ COR tuum. *Irem. 4. it.*

Fons scaturit lateris transfixi vulnere sponsi

Hoc CORDIS maculas ablue, sponsa tui

Michel van lochem excu.

The cleansing of the Heart.

IER. 5. 14.

O Jerusalem wash thine heart from wickednesse, that thou maist be saved.

Epigr. 17.

O *Ut of thy wounded husbands Saviours side,
Espoused soul, there flowes with a full tide
A fountaine for uncleannesse: wash thee there,
Wash there thine heart, and then thou need'st not feare.*

ODE. 17.

1.

O endlesse misery!
I labour still, but still in vaine.
The staines of sinne I see
Are oaded all, or di'd in graine.
There's not a blot
Will stirre a jot
For all that I can doe:
There is no hope
In Fullers sope,
Though I adde nitre too.

2.

I many wayes have tri'd,
Have often soakt it in cold feares,
And, when a time I spi'd,
Powred upon it scalding teares,
Have rins'd, and rub'd,
And scrap't and scrub'd,

And

And turn'd it up, and downe :
 Yet can I not
 Wash out one spot,
 It's rather fouler growne.

3.

O miserable state !
 Who would be troubled with an heart,
 As I have been of late,
 Both to my sorrow, shame, and smart ?
 If it will not
 Be cleaner got,
 'T were better I had none.
 Yet how should we
 Divided be,
 That are not two, but one ?

4.

But am I not starke wilde,
 That go about to wash mine heart
 With hands that are defill'd,
 As much as any other part ?
 Whilst all thy teares,
 Thine hopes, and feares,
 Both ev'ry word, and deed,
 And thought is foule,
 Poore silly soule,
 How canst thou looke to speed ?

5.

Can there no helpe be had ?
 Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure :
 Mine heart is not so bad,
 So foule, but thou canst cleanse it sure.
 Speak, blessed Lord,
 Wilt thou afford
 Me means to make it cleane ?

I know thou wilt:
Thy blood were spilt
Should it runne still in vaine.

6.

Then to that blessed spring,
Which from my Saviours sacred fide
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring,
And there it will be purifi'd.
Although the dye,
Wherein I lie,
Crimson, or scarlet were,
This blood I know
Will make't, as snow,
Or wooll, both cleane, and cleere.

4 DE60

Embleme 18.



CORDIS DONATIO.

Præbe, fili mi, COR tuum mihi: *Provi. 23. 2.*

Vince CORDIS amor. timor vince CORDIS. *Jesu.*

COR tibi dono meum. COR mihi redde tuum.

The giving of the Heart.

PROV. 23.21.

My sonne give me thine heart.

Epigr. 18.

THe onely love, the onely feare, thou art,
Dear, and dread Saviour, of my sin-sick heart.
Thine heart thou gavest, that it might be mine:
Take thou mine heart then, that it may be thine.

ODE. 18.

I.

Give thee mine heart? Lord so I would,
And there's great reason that I should,
If it were worth the having:
Yet sure thou wilt esteem that good,
Which thou hast purchas'd with thy blood,
And thought it worth the craving.

2.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, so I will,
If thou wilt first impart the skill
Of bringing it to thee:
But should I trust my selfe to give
Mine heart, as sure as I doe live,
I should deceived be.

3.

As all the value of mine heart
Proceeds from favour, not desert,
Acceptance is its worth:

E

S.

So neither know I how to bring
A present to my heav'nly King,
 Unlesse he set it forth.

4.

Lord of my life, me thinkes I heare
Thee say, that thee alone to feare,
 And thee alone to love,
Is to bestow mine heart on thee,
That other giving none can be,
 Whereof thou wilt approve.

5.

And well thou dost deserve to be
Both loved, Lord, and fear'd by me,
 So good, so great, thou art :
Greatnesse so good, goodnesse so great,
As passeth all finite conceit,
 And ravisheth mine heart.

6.

Should I not love thee, blessed Lord,
Who freely of thine owne accord
 Laid'st downe thy life for me ?
For me, that was not dead alone,
But desp'ratly transcendent grown
 In enmitie to thee ?

7.

Should I not feare before thee, Lord,
Whose hand spannes heaven, at whose word
 Devills themselves doe quake ?
Whose eyes out-shine the Sunne, whose beck
Can the whole course of Nature check,
 And its foundations shake ?

8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,

The fountaine of felicity,
Before whose presence is
Fulnesse of joy, at whose right hand
All pleasures in perfection stand,
And everlasting blisse?

9.

Lord, had I hearts a million,
And myriads in ev'ry one
Of choicest loves, and feares,
They were too little to bestow
On thee, to whom I all things owe,
I should be in arreares.

10.

Yet, since mine heart's the most I have,
And that which thou dost chiefly crave,
Thou shalt not of it misse.
Although I cannot give it so,
As I should doe, I'll offer't though:
Lord take it, here it is.

4 DE60

Embleme 19.



CORDIS SACRIFICIVM.

Sacrificium deo. Spiritus
contribulatus. Psal. 50. 19.

Non vituli casue Deo placet hostia tauri:

COR mihi qui dedit hic COR sibi possit amor.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

P S A L 51.17.

The sacrifices of God are a broken heart.

Epigr. 19.

NOr calves, nor bulls, are sacrifices good
Enough for thee, who gav'st for me thy bloud,
And more then that, thy life: Take thine own part,
Great God, that gavest all, here take mine heart.

O D E. 19.

1.

Thy former covenant of old,
Thy Law of Ordinances, did require
Fat sacrifices from the fold,
And many other off rings made by fire.
Whilst thy first Tabernacle stood,
All things were consecrate with bloud.

2.

And can thy better Covenant,
Thy law of grace, and truth by Jesus Christ,
Its proper sacrifices want
For such an Altar, and for such a Priest?
No, no, thy Gospell doth require
Choyse off rings too, and made by fire.

3.

A sacrifice for sinne indeed,
Lord, thou didst make thy self, and once for all:
So that there never will be need
Of any more sin-off rings, great, or small.

The life-bloud thou did'st shed for me,
Hath set my soule for ever free.

4.

Yea, the same sacrifice thou dost
Still offer in behalfe of thine elect:
And to improve it to the most,
Thy Word, and Sacraments doe in effect
Offer thee oft, and sacrifice
Thee daily in our eares, and eyes.

5.

Yea, each beleevving soule may take
Thy sacrificed flesh, and bloud by faith,
And therewith an atonement make
For all its trespasses, thy Gospell saith.
Such infinite transcendent price
Is there in thy sweet sacrifice.

6.

But is this all? Must there not be
Peace-offerings, and sacrifices of
Thanksgiving tendered unto thee?
Yes, Lord, I know I should but mock, and scoffe
Thy sacrifice for sinne, should I
My sacrifice of praise deny.

7.

But I have nothing of mine owne
Worthy to be presented in thy sight,
Yea the whole world affords not one
Or Ramme, or Lambe, wherein thou canst delight.
Lesse then my self it must not be:
For thou didst give thy self for me.

8.

My self then I must sacrifice:
And so I will, mine heart, the onely thing

Thou dost above all other prize
As thine owne part, the best I have to bring.
An humble heart's a sacrifice,
Which I know thou wilt not despise.

9.

Lord, be my altar, sanctifie
Mine heart thy sacrifice, and let thy Spirit
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,
Burning with zeale to magnifie thy merit,
May both consume my sinnes, and raise
Eternall trophies to thy praise.

4-DE60

Embleme 20.**CORDIS PONDERATIO .**

Appendit CORDA Dominus . *prouerb. 21. 2 .*

Quod mihi donasti, magno pro munere non est

Si neget hoc . iusti ponderis æqua bilanx .

Michel van lochem excu .

The weighing of the Heart.

PROV. 21.2.

The Lord pondereth the heart.

Epigr. 20.

THe heart thou giv'st as a great gift, my love,
Brought to the triall nothing such will prove,
If Iustice equall balance tell thy sight
That weighed with my Law it is too light.

ODE 20.

1.

'Tis true indeed, an heart
Such as it ought to be,
Entire, and sound in ev'ry part,
Is alwayes welcome unto me.
He that would please me with an offering
Cannot a better have, although he were a King.

2.

And there is none so poore,
But if he will he may
Bring me an heart, although no more;
And on mine altar may it lay.
The sacric which I like best, is such (grutch.
As rich men cannot boast, and poore men need not

3.

Yet ev'ry heart is not
A gift sufficient,
It must be purg'd from ev'ry spot,
And all its pieces must be rent.

E 5

Though

Though thou hast sought to circumsise, and bruis't,
It must be weighed too, or else I shall refuse't.

4.

My ballances are just,
My Law's an equall weight,
The beame is strong, and thou maist trust
My steady hand to hold it streight.
Were thine heart equal to the world in light,
Yet it were nothing worth, if it should prove too light.

5.

And so thou see'st it doth,
My pond'rous Law doth presse
This scale, but that, as fill'd with froth,
Tilts up, and makes no shew of stresse.
Thine heart is empty fare, or else it would
In weight, as well as bulke, better proportion hold.

6.

Search it, and thou shalt find
It wants integrity,
And is not yet so thorow lin'd
With single ey'd sincerity,
As it should be : some more humility (stancy
There wants to make it weight, and some more con-

7.

Whilst windy vanity
Doth pisse it up with pride,
And double-fac'd hypocrisie
Doth many empty hollowes hide,
It is but good in part, and that but little,
Wav'ring unstaiddneſſe makes its resolutions brittle.

8.

The heart, that in my sight
As currant coyne would passe,

Must not be the least graine too light,
But as at first it stamped was.

Keep then thine heart till it be better growne,
And, when it is full weight, I'll take it for mine owne.

9.

But if thou art asham'd

To find thine heart so light,

And art afraid thou shalt be blam'd,

I'll teach thee how to set it right.

Adde to my Law my Gospell, and there see

My merits thine, and then the scales will equall be.

4 DE60

Embleme 21.



CORDIS PROBATIO.

Sicut igne probatur argentum. et aurum camino
ita CORDA probat Dominus. *proverb. 17. 3*

COR rutilo, dilecta tuum pretiosius auro.

Impuram scoriam si prius ignis edat.

The trying of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 3.

*The fining pot for silver, and the furnace
for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts.*

Epigr. 21.

THine heart, my deer, more precious is then gold,
Or the most precious things that can be told:
Provided first that my pure fire have tri'd
Out all the drosse, and passe it purist'd.

ODE. 21.

I.

What? take it at adventure, and not try
What metall it is made of? No, not I.

Should I now lightly let it passe,
Take fullen lead for silver, sounding brasse.

In stead of solid gold, alas,
What would become of it? In the great day
Of making jewells 't would be cast away.

2.

The heart thou giv'st me must be such a one,
As is the same throughout. I will have none

But that, which will abide the fire.

'Tis not a glitt'ring outside I desire,

Whose seeming shewes doe soone expire:
But reall worth within, which neither drosse,
Nor base allayes, make subject unto losse.

3.

If in the composition of thine heart

A stubborne freely wilfulnesse have part,
 That will not bow and bend to me,
 Save onely in a meer formality
 Of tinsell-trim'd hypocrisie,
 I care not for it, though it shew as faire,
 As the first blush of the Sun-gilded aire.

4.

The heart that in my furnace will not melt,
 When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt
 Turne liquid, and dissolve in teares
 Of true repentance for its faults, that heares
 My threatning voyce, and never feares,
 Is not an heart worth having. If it be
 An heart of stone, 't is not an heart for me.

5.

The heart, that cast into my fornace spits,
 And sparkles in my face, falls into fits
 Of discontented grudging, whines
 When it is broken of its will, repines
 At the least suffering, declines
 My fatherly correction, is an heart
 On which I care not to bestow mine art.

6.

The heart that in my flames asunder flies,
 Scatters it selfe at randon, and so lies
 In heapes of ashes here, and there,
 Whose dry disperfed parts will not draw neer
 To one another, and adhere
 In a firme union, hath no metall in't
 Fit to be stamp'd, and coyned in my mint.

7.

The heart, that vapours out it selfe in smoak,
 And with those cloudy shadowes thinks to cloak

Its empty nakednesse, how much
So ever thou esteemeſt it, is ſuch
As never will endure my touch.
Before I tak't for mine then I will trie
What kind of metall in thine heart doth lie:

8.

I'll bring it to my furnace, and there ſee
What it will prove, what it is like to be.
If it be gold, it will be ſure
The hotteſt fire that can be to endure,
And I ſhall draw it out more pure.
Affliction may refine, but cannot waite,
That heart wherein my love is fixed faſt.

4 DE60

Embleme 22.



CORDIS SCRVTINIVM

Prauum est COR omnium et inscrutabile:
 Quis cognoscet illud? Ego: Dominus

Scrutans COR et renes. Jerem. 17. 9.

Solus ego immensam CORDIS perscrutor abyssum;

Nautica quam potis est haud penetrare bolis.

22 Michel uan Lochem excu

The sounding of the Heart.

JER. 17.9.

*The heart is deceitfull above all things,
and desperately wicked. who can know
it? I the Lord.*

Epigr. 22.

I, that alone am infinite, can try
How deep within it self thine heart doth lie.
The Sea-mans plummet can but reach the ground:
I find that which thine heart it self ne'er found.

ODE. 22.

A goodly heart to see to, faire and fat!
It may be so: and what of that?
Is it not hollow? Hath it not within
A bottomlesse whirlpoole of sinne?
Are there not secret creeks, and cranies there,
Turning, and winding corners, where
The heart it self ev'n from it self may hide,
And lurke in secret unespied?
I'll none of it, if such a one it prove:
Truth in the inward parts is that I love.

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart?
'Tis not a worke of Nature, Art
Cannot performe that taske: 't is I alone,
Not man, to whom mans heart is knowne.
Sound it thou maist, and must: but then the line

And

And plummert must be mine, not thine,
 And I must guide it too, thine hand, and eye
 May quickly be deceiv'd : but I,
 That made thine heart at first, am better skill'd
 To know when it is empty, when 't is fill'd.

3.

Lest then thou should'st deceive thy self, for me
 Thou canst not, I will let thee see
 Some of those depths of Satan, depths of hell,
 Wherewith thine hollow heart doth swell.
 Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind
 Error and ignorance I find,
 Quick-sands of rotten Superstition
 Spred over with misprision.
 Some things thou knowest not, misknowest others,
 And oft thy conscience its owne knowledge smothers.

4.

Thy crooked will, that seemingly enclines
 To follow reasons dictates, twines
 Another way in secret, leaves its guide
 And lags behind, or swarves aside,
 Crab-like creepes backward when it should have made
 Progress in good, is retrograde.
 Whilst it pretends a priviledge above
 Reasons prerogative, to move
 As of it self unmov'd, rude passions learne
 To leave the Oare, and take in hand the Sterne.

5.

The tides of thine affections ebbe, and flow,
 Rise up aloft, fall downe below,
 Like to the suddaine land-floods, that advance
 Their swelling waters but by chance.
 Thy love, desire, thy hope, delight, and feare,
 Ramble they care not when, nor where,

Yet cunningly beare thee in hand they be
Only directed unto me,
Or most to me, and would no notice take
Of other things, but only for my sake.

6.

Such strange prodigious impostures lurke
In thy prestigious heart, 't is worke
Enough for thee all thy life time to learne
How thou may'st truly it discernē:
That, when upon mine altar thou dost lay
Thine off'ring, thou may'st safely say,
And sweare it is an heart: for, if it should
Prove only an heart-case, it would
Nor pleasing be to me, nor doe thee good.
An heart's no heart not rightly understood.

4 DE60

Embleme 23.



CORDIS RECTIFICATIO.

RECTIS CORDE Lætitia Psal. 96. 11.

Ad rectam, persæpe, mei. COR. Cordis, amissim,

Si rectum cupias, exige nata, tuum.

Michel uan Lochem excū

The levelling of the Heart.

P S A L. 97.11.

Gladnesse to the upright in heart.

Epigr. 23.

SET thine heare upright, if thou would'st reioyce,
And please thyself in thine hearts pleasing choise :
But then be sure thy plimme, and levell be
Rightly appli'd to that which pleaseth me.

O D E. 23.

1.

Nay, yet I have not done : one triall more
Thine heart must undergo, before
I will accept of it :
Unlesse I see
It upright be,
I cannot think it fit
To be admitted in my sight,
And to partake of mine eternall light.

2.

My Will's the rule of righteousness, as free
From error as uncertainty :
What I would have is just.
Thou must desire
What I require,
And take it upon trust :
If thou preferre thy will to mine,
The levell's lost, and thou go'st out of line.

3.

Do'st thou not see how thine heart turnes aside,

And

And leanes toward thy self? How wide
 A distance there is here?
 Untill I see
 Both sides agree
 Alike with mine, 't is cleer
 The middle is not where't should be,
 Likes something better, though it looke at me.

4.

I, that know best how to dispose of thee,
 Would have thy portion poverty,
 Lest wealth should make thee proud,
 And me forget :
 But thou hast set
 Thy voyce to cry aloud
 For riches, and unlesse I grant
 All that thou wishest, thou complain'st of want.

5.

I, to preserve thine health, would have thee fast
 From Natures dainties, lest at last
 Thy senses sweet delight
 Should end in smart :
 But thy vaine heart
 Will have its appetite
 Pleased to day, though grief, and sorrow
 Threaten to cancell all thy joyes to morrow.

6.

I, to prevent thine hurt by climbing high,
 Would have thee be content to lie
 Quiet and safe below,
 Where peace doth dwell ;
 But thou dost swell
 With vast desires, as though
 A little blast of vulgar breath
 Were better then deliverance from death.

7.

to procure thine happinesse, would have
Thee mercy at mine hands to crave :
But thou dost merit plead,
And wilt have none
But of thine owne,
Till Justice strike thee dead.
Thus still thy wand'ring wayes decline,
And all thy crooked paths go crosse to mine.

4 DE60

Embleme 24.



CORDIS RENOVATIO.

Dabo uobis COR nouum, et spiritum nouum
ponam in medio uestri. *Ezech. 36. 26.*

Ciuinoua cuncta placent, vetus & COR pone nouumq.

Quod tibi pro vetri sponsa repono cape.

24

Michel van lochem excu.

The renewing of the Heart.

E Z E K. 36.26.

A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

Epigr. 24.

ARt thou delighted with strange novelties,
Which often prove but old fresh garnisht lies?
Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee:
Condemne thy self, that so I may reprieve thee.

O D E. 24.

I.

No, no, I see
There is no remedy,
An heart, that wants both weight; and worth,
That's fill'd with naught but empty hollownesse,
And screw'd aside with stubborne wilfulnesse,
Is onely fit to be cast forth,
Nor to be given me
Nor kept by thee.

2.

Then let it goe,
And if thou wilt bestow
An acceptable heart on me,
I'll furnish thee with one shall serve the turne,
Both to be kept, and given: which will burne
With zeale, yet not consumed be:
Nor with a scornfull eye
Blast standers by.

F

3. The

3.

The heart, that I
 Will give thee, though it lie
 Buri'd in seas of sorrowes, yet
 Will not be drown'd with doubt, or discontent,
 Though sad complaints sometimes may give a vent
 To grief, and teares the cheeks may wet,
 Yet it exceeds their art
 To hurt this heart.

4.

The heart I give,
 Though it desire to live,
 And bath it self in all content,
 Yet will not toyle, or taint it self, with any :
 Although it take a view, and tast of many,
 It feeds on few, as though it meant
 To break fast only here,
 And dine elsewhere.

5.

This heart is fresh,
 And new : an heart of flesh,
 Not, as thine old one was, of stone.
 A lively sp'ritly heart, and moving still,
 Active to what is good, but slow to ill :
 An heart, that with a sigh, and grone
 Can blast all worldly joyes,
 As trifling toyes.

6.

This heart is sound,
 And solid will be found ;
 'Tis not an empty ayrie flash,
 That baites at Butterflies, and with full cry
 Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity.
 It sleights, and scornes such paltry trash :

But for eternity
Dares live, or die.

7.

I know thy mind :
Thou seek'st content to find
In such things as are new, and strange.
Wander no further then : lay by thine old,
Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold
To boast thy self of the exchange,
And say, that a new heart
Exceeds all art.

4 DE60

Embleme 25.



CORDIS ILLUMINATIO.

Illuminabuntur CORDA uestra. *Ecclesi. 2. 10.*

Lux de luce Deus cæci lux unica mundi.

CORDE graues tenebras discede luce tua.

The enlightening of the Heart.

PSAL. 34.5.

They looked unto him, and were lightened.

Epigr. 25.

THou that art *Light of lights, the onely sight*
Of the blind world, lend me thy saving light :
Disperse those mists, which in my soule have made
Darknesse as deepe as hells eternall shade.

O D E. 25.

I.

Alas, that I
Could not before espie
The soule-confounding misery
Of this, more then Egyptian, dreadfull night !
To be deprived of the light,
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of sight,
As mine have been, is such a woe,
As he alone can know,
That feesles it so.

2.

Darknesse hath been
My God and me between
Like an opacous doubled skreen,
Through which nor light, nor heat could passage find.
Grosse ignorance hath made my mind,
And understanding not bleer-ey'd, but blind;
My will to all that's good is cold,
Nor can I, though I would,
Doe what I should.

3.

No, now I see
 There is no remedy
 Left in my self : it cannot be
 That blind men in the darke should find the way
 To blessednesse : although they may
 Imagine that high midnight is noone-day,
 As I have done till now, they'll know
 At last unto their woe,
 'Twas nothing so.

4.

Now I perceive
 Presumption doth bereave
 Men of all hope of helpe, and leave
 Them, as it finds them, drown'd in misery :
 Despairing of themselves, to cry
 For mercy is the only remedy
 That sinne-sicke soules can have : to pray
 Against this darknesse may
 Turne it to day.

5.

Then unto thee,
 Great Lord of light, let me
 Direct my prayer, that I may see.
 Thou, that did'st make mine eyes, canst soone restore
 That pow'r of sight they had before,
 And, if thou seest it good, canst give them more.
 The night will quickly shine like day,
 If thou doe but display
 One glorious ray.

6.

I must confesse,
 And I can doe no lesse,

Thou

Thou art the Sun of righteousness :
There's healing in thy wings : thy light is life ;
My darkeneſſe death. To end all ſtrife,
Be thou mine husband, let me be thy wife.
Then both the light, and life that's thine,
Though light, and life divine,
Will all be mine.

4 DE60

Embleme 26,



CORDIS TABVLA LEGES.

Dabo legem meam in viscēbus eorum,
 et in CORDE eorum scribam eam *Jerem. 31 33.*
 Scribo nouam tenei nunc CORDIS in æquore legem,
 Cum vetus in duris sit mihi scripta petris.

Michel van Lochem excu
 26

The table of the Heart.

I E R. 31. 33.

*I will put my Law in their inward parts,
and write it in their hearts.*

Epigr. 26.

I*n the soft table of thine heart I'll write
A new Law, which I newly will indite.
Hard stony tables did containe the old :
But tender leaves of flesh shall this infold.*

O D E. 26.

1.

What will thy fight
Availe thee, or my light,
If there be nothing in thine heart to see
Acceptable to me ?
A self-writ heart will not
Please me, or doe thee any good, I wor,
The paper must be thine,
The writing mine.

2.

What I indite
'Tis I alone can write,
And write in bookes that I my self have made.
'Tis not an easie trade
To read, or write, in hearts :
They that are skilfull in all other arts,
When they take this in hand,
Are at a stand.

3.

My Law of old
 Tables of stone did hold,
 Wherein I writ what I before had spoken,
 Yet were they quickly broken :
 A signe the Covenant
 Contain'd in them would due observance want.
 Nor did they long remaine
 Coppy'd again.

4.

But now I'll try
 What force in flesh doth lie :
 Whether thine heart renew'd afford a place
 Fit for my Law of grace.
 This covenant is better
 Then that, though glorious, of the killing letter.
 This gives life, not by merit,
 But by my Spirit.

5.

When in mens hearts,
 And their most inward parts,
 I by my Spirit write my Law of love,
 They then begin to move,
 Not by themselves, but me,
 And their obedience is their liberty.
 There are no slaves, but those
 That serve their foes.

6.

When I have writ
 My Covenant in it,
 View thine heart by my light, and thou shalt see
 A present fit for me.
 The worth for which I look,

Lies in the lines, not in the leaves of th'book.
Course paper may be lin'd
With words refin'd.

7.

And such are mine.
No furnace can refine
The choicest silver so to make it pure,
As my Law put in ure
Purgeth the hearts of men :
Which being rul'd, and written with my Pen,
My Spirit, ev'ry letter
Will make them better.

4 DE60

Embleme 27.



ARATIO CORDIS.

Conuertar ad vos, et arabimini, et
accipietis sementem. Ezech. 36. 9.

CORDIS agrum. Crucis aia tue profundat aratrum.

Cui verbi inspergas. semina, Sponse. tui.

Michel non lochem exeu

The tilling of the Heart.

E Z E K. 36. 9.

*I will turne unto you, and yee shall be tilled,
and sowne.*

Epigr. 27.

M*ine heart's a field, thy crosse a plow : be pleas'd
Dear Spouse, to till it, till the mould be rais'd
Fit for the seeding of thy word : then sow,
And if thou shine upon it, it will grow.*

O D E. 27.

1.

So, now me thinks I find
Some better vigour in my mind,
My will begins to move,
And mine affections stirre towards things above :
Mine heart growes bigge with hope it is a field,
That some good fruit may yeeld,
If it were till'd, as it should be,
Not by my self, but thee.

2.

Great Husbandman, whose pow'r
All difficulties can devour,
And doe what likes thee best,
Let not thy field, mine heart, lie lay, and rest,
Lest it be over-runne with noysome weeds,
That spring of their own seeds :
Unlesse thy grace the growth should stoppe,
Sinne would be all my crophe.

3. Break

3.

Break up my fallow ground,
 That there may not a clod be found
 To hide one root of sinne.
 Apply thy plow betime : now, now beginne
 To furrow up my stiffe, and starvy heart,
 No matter for the smart,
 Al though it roare, when it is rent,
 Let not thine hand relent.

4.

Corruption's rooted deep,
 Showres of repentant teares must steep
 The mould to make it soft :
 It must be stirr'd, and turn'd, not once, but oft.
 Let it have all its seasons. O impart
 The best of all thine art.
 For, of it self it is so tough,
 All will be but enough.

5.

Or, if it be thy will
 To teach me, let me learne the skill.
 My self to plow mine heart :
 The profit will be mine, and 't is my part
 To take the paines, and labour, though th' encrease
 Without thy blessing cease :
 If fit for nothing else, yet thou
 May'st make me draw thy Plow.

6.

Which of thy Plowes thou wilt,
 For thou hast more then one. My guilt,
 Thy wrath, thy rods, are all
 Plowes fit to teare mine heart to pieces small :
 And, when in these it apprehends thee neer,

'Tis furrowed with fear :
Each weed turn'd under hides its head,
And shewes as it were dead.

7.

But, Lord, thy blessed passion
Is a Plow of another fashion,
Better then all the rest.

Oh fasten me to that, and let the best
Of all my powers strive to draw it in,
And leave no roome for sinne.
The vertue of thy death can make
Sinne its fast hold forsake.

4 DE60

Embleme 28.**SEMINATIO IN COR.**

Verbum seminatum est in CORDE. *Mat. 13. 19.*

Semina iam terræ manda, diuine colone.

Nē nostri, sterilis, sit tibi CORDIS ager.

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Michel van Lochem excū

The seeding of the Heart.

LUKE 8.15.

*That on the good ground are they, which
with an honest, and good heart, having
heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth
fruit with patience.*

Epigr. 28.

Lest the field of mine heart should unto thee,
Great Husbandman that mad'st it, barren be,
Manure the ground, then come thy self and seed it;
And let thy servants water it, and weed it.

ODE. 28.

I.

Nay, blessed Lord,
Unlesse thou wilt afford
Manure, as well as tillage, to thy field,
It will not yeeld
That fruit which thou expectest it should beare :
The ground I feare
Will still remaine
Barren of what is good : and all the graine
It will bring forth,
As of its owne accord, will not be worth
The paines of gathering
So poore a thing.

2.

Some faint desire ,

That

That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canst expect.

If thou neglect
To sow it now 't is ready, thou shalt find
That it will blind,
And harder grow

Then at the first it was. Thou must bestow
Some further cost,
Else all thy former labour will be lost.

Mine heart no corne will breed
Without thy seed.

3.

Thy Word is seed,
And manure too : will feed,
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were
Well rooted there,
It would come on apace. O then neglect
No time : expect
No better season.

Now, now thy field mine heart is ready : reason
Surrenders now,

Now my rebellious will begins to bow,
And mine affections are
Tamer by farre.

4.

Lord, I have laine
Barren too long, andaine
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitfull to thee,
Fruitfull in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I goe hence :
That when I come
At harvest to be reaped, and brought home ;
Thine Angels may

My foule in thy celestia^l garner lay,
Where perfect joy, and blisse
Eternall is.

5.

If, to intreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appeare
For me to beare,
Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt take
What thou do'st make,
And not disdain
To house me, though amongst thy coursest graine,
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content.

4 DE60

That quickly will expire,
Wither, and die, is all thou canst expect.

If thou neglect
To sow it now 't is ready, thou shalt find
That it will blind,
And harder grow

Then at the first it was. Thou must bestow
Some further cost,
Else all thy former labour will be lost.

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Now, now thy field mine heart is ready : reason
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Tamer by farre.

4.

Lord, I have laine
Barren too long, and faine
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitfull to thee,
Fruitfull in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I goe hence :
That when I come
At harvest to be reaped, and brought home ;
Thine Angels may

My foule in thy celestiaall garner lay,
Where perfect joy, and blisse
Eternall is.

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If, to intreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appeare
For me to beare,
Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt take
What thou do'st make,
And not disdain
To house me, though amongst thy courtest graine,
So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content.

4 DE60

Embleme 29.



CORDIS IRRIGATIO.

Rigabo hortum meum Plantationum. *Eccl. 24. 42.*

Telluri clausum caelo patet: imple rorem,

CORDIS ab hoc vario flore virescet humus.

29 Michel van Lochem excudit

The watering of the Heart.

ISA. 27. 3.

In the Lord doe keep it. I will water it every moment.

Epigr. 29.

*C*lose downwards tow'rds the earth, open above
Tow'rds heaven mine heart is. O let thy love
Distill in fructifying dewes of grace,
And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

ODE. 29.

1.

See how this dry, and thirsty land,
Mine heart, doth gaping gasping stand,
And close below opens towards heav'n, and thee.
Thou fountaine of felicity,
Great Lord of living waters, water me :
Let not my breath that pants with paine,
Waste, and consume it selfe in vaine.

2.

The mists, that from the earth doe rise,
An heav'n-borne heart will not suffice:
Coole it without they may, but cannot quench
The scalding heat within, nor drench
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench.
Nothing, but what comes from on high,
Can heav'n-bred longings satisfie.

3.

See how the seed, which thou did'st sow

Lies

Lies parch'd, and wither'd, will not grow
 Without some moisture, and mine heart hath none,
 That it can truly call its owne,
 By nature of it self, more then a stone :
 Unlesse thou water't, it will lie
 Drowned in dust, and still be dry.

4.

Thy tender plants can never thrive,
 Whilst want of water doth deprive
 Their roots of nourishment : which makes them call,
 And cry to thee, great All in All,
 That seasonable show'rs of grace may fall,
 And water them : thy Word will do't,
 If thou vouchsafe thy blessing to't.

5.

O then be pleased to unseal
 Thy fountaine, blessed Saviour, deal
 Some drops at least, wherewith my drooping spirits
 May be revived. Lord, thy merits
 Yeeld more refreshing then the world inherits :
 Rivers, yea seas, but ditches are,
 If with thy springs we them compare.

6.

If not whole show'rs of raine, yet Lord,
 A little pearly dew afford,
 Begot by thy celestiall influence
 On some chaste vapour, raised hence
 To be partaker of thine excellence:
 A little, if it come from thee,
 Will be of great availe to me.

7.

Thou boundlesse Ocean of grace,
 Let thy free spirit have a place
 Within mine heart : full rivers then I know

Of living waters forth will flow,
And all thy plants, thy fruits, and flow'rs will grow.
Whilst thy Springs their roots doe nourish,
They must needs be far, and flourish.

4 DE60

Embleme 30.



CORIS FLORES.

Dilectus meus descendit in hortum
suum, ut lilia colligat. Cant. 6. 3.

Hec tibi, nata tuo de semine, consecro, sponse.

Lilia, et his patrium floribus addo solum.

30 Michel van lochem excu.

The flowers of the Heart.

CANT. 6. 2.

My beloved is gone downe into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lillies.

Epigr. 30.

T*Hese lillies I doe consecrate to thee,
Beloved Spouse, which spring as thou mai'st see,
Out of the seed thou sowedst, and the ground
Is better'd by thy Flow'rs, when they abound.*

ODE. 31.

I.

Is there a joy like this?
What can augment my blisse?
If my beloved will accept
A posie of these flowers kept,
And consecrated unto his content,
I hope hereafter he will not repent
The cost, and paines he hath bestow'd
So freely upon me, that ow'd
Him all I had before,
And infinitely more.

2.

Nay, try them, blessed Lord,
Take them not on my word,
But let the colour, taste, and smell,
The truth of their perfections tell.
Thou that art infinite in wisdom see,

If they be not the same that came from thee.
 If any difference be found,
 It is occasion'd by the ground,
 Which yet I cannot see
 So good as it should be.

3.

What say'st thou to that Rose,
 That queen of flowers, whose
 Maidenly blushes, fresh, and faire,
 Out-brave the dainty morning aire?
 Dost thou not in those lovely leaves espy
 The perfect picture of that modesty,
 That self-condemning shamefastnesse,
 That is more ready to confesse
 A fault, and to amend,
 Then it is to offend?

4.

Is not this Lilly pure?
 What Fuller can procure
 A white so perfect, spotlesse, clear,
 As in this flower doth appear?
 Dost thou not in this milky colour see
 The lively lustre of sincerity,
 Which no hypocrisie hath painted,
 Nor self-respecting ends have tainted?
 Can there be to thy sight
 A more entire delight?

5.

Or wilt thou have beside
 Violets purple-di'd?
 The Sun-observing Marigold,
 Or Orpin never waxing old,
 The Primrose, Cowslip, Gilliflow'r, or Pinke,
 Or any flow'r, or herbe, that I can think

Thou hast a mind unto? I shall
Quickly be furnisht with them all,
If once I doe but know
That thou wilt have it so.

6.

Faith is a fruitfull grace,
Well planted stores the place,
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs
With wholsome herbs, and pleasant flow'rs.
Great Gardiner, thou saist, and I beleeve,
What thou do'st meane to gather thou wilt give.
Take then mine heart in hand to fill't,
And it shall yeeld thee what thou wilt.
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,
Shalt still increase my store.

4 DE60

Embleme 31.



BALNEVM CORDIS. EX

SVDORE SANGVINEO.

Multo labore sudatum est. et non exiit
de eâ nimia rubigo eius. *Ezech. 24. 12.*

Balnea sanguinei sponsi sudata cruore.

COR agrum hic tibi quæ dat Paradisus. adi.
41 Michel van lochem excu

The keeping of the Heart.

PROV. 4.23.

Keep thy heart with all diligence.

Epigr. 31.

Like to a garden, that is closed round,
That heart is safely kept, which still is found
Compast wth care, and guarded wth the feare
Of God, as wth a flaming sword, and speare.

ODE 31.

The Soule.

I.

Lord, wilt thou suffer this? Shall vermine spoile
The fruit of all thy toyle,
Thy trees, thine herbs, thy plants, thy flow'rs thus:
And for an overplus
Of spite, and malice overthrow thy mounds,
Lay common all thy grounds?
Canst thou endure thy pleasant garden should
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould?

Christ.

2.

What is the matter? why do'st thou complaine?
Must I as well maintaine,
And keep, as make thy fences? wilt thou take
No paines for thine own sake?
Or doth thy self-confounding fancy feare thee,
When there's no danger neer thee?
Speak out thy doubts, and thy desires, and tell me,
What enemy or can, or dares to quell thee?

G 3

The

The Soule.

3.

Many, and mighty, and malicious, Lord,
 That seek, with one accord,
 To work my speedy ruine, and make haste
 To lay thy garden waste.
 The devill is a ramping roaring lion,
 Hates at his heart thy Zion,
 And never gives it respite day, nor houre,
 But still goes seeking whom he may devour.

4.

The world's a wilderness, wherein I find
 Wild beasts of ev'ry kind,
 Foxes, and Wolves, and Dogs, and Boares, and Bears
 And which augments my feares,
 Eagles and Vultures, and such birds of prey,
 Will not be kept away :
 Besides the light-aborring Owles, and Bats,
 And secret corner-creeping Mice and Rats.

5.

But these, and many more would not dismay
 Me much, unlessse there lay
 One worse then all within, my self I meane,
 My false, unjust, unclean,
 Faithlesse, disloyall self, that both entice,
 And entertaine each vice.
 This homebred traiterous partaking's worse,
 Then all the violence of forain force.

6.

Lord, thou maist see my feares are grounded, rise
 Not from a bare surmise,
 Or doubt of danger only, my desires
 Are but what need requires,
 Of thy divine protection, and defence
 To keep these vermine hence :

Which

Which, if they should not be restrain'd by thee,
Would grow too strong to be kept out by me.

Christ.

7.

Thy feare is just, and I approve thy care.

But yet thy comforts are
Provided for, ev'n in that care, and feare :

Whereby it doth appeare
Thou hast what thou desirest, my protection
To keep thee from defection.

The heart that cares, and feares, is kept by me.
I watch thee, whilst thy foes are watch'd by thee.

4 DE60

Embleme 32.



CORDIS VIGILIA.

Ego dormio, et COR meum uigilat. Cant. 5. 2

Te uigil exquirat COR, dum sopor occupat artus.

Nec sine te noctu nec potis esse die.

Michel uan lochem excu

The watching of the Heart.

CANT. 5.2.

I sleep, but my heart waketh.

Epigr. 32.

Whilst the soft bands of sleep tie up my senses,
My watchfull heart, free from all such preiunces,
Searches for thee, enquires of all about thee,
Nor day, nor night, able to be without thee.

O.D.E. 32.

I.

It must be so : that God that gave
Me senses, and a mind, would have
Me use them both, but in their severall kinds.
Sleep must refresh my senses, but my mind's
A sparke of heav'nly fire, that feeds
On action, and employment, needs
No time of rest : for, when it thinks to please
It self with idlenesse, 'tis least at ease.

Though quiet rest refresh the head,
The heart that stirs not sure is dead.

2.

Whilst then my body ease doth take,
My rest refusing heart shall wake :
And that mine heart the better watch may keep,
I'll lay my senses for a time to sleep.

Wanron de' res shall not entice,
Nor lust enveigle them to vice :
No fading colours shall allure my sight,

Nor sounds enchant mine eares with their delight :
 I'll bind my smell, my touch, my tast,
 To keep a strict religious fast.

3.

My worldly businesse shall lie still,
 That heav'ly thoughts my mind may fill :
 My Marthaes cumb'ring cares shall cease their noise,
 That Mary may attend her better choise.
 That meditation may advance
 Mine heart on purpose, not by chance,
 My body shall keep holy day, that so
 My mind with better liberty may goe
 About her bus'nesse, and ingrosse
 That gaine, which worldly men count losse.

4.

And though my senses sleep the while,
 My mind my senses shall beguile
 With dreames of thee, dear Lord, whose rare perfections
 Of excellence are such, that bare inspections
 Cannot suffice my greedy soule,
 Nor her fierce appetite controule,
 Bur that the more shee lookes the more she longs,
 And strives to thrust into the thickest throngs
 Of those divine discoveries,
 Which dazell even Angels eyes.

5.

Oh could I lay aside this flesh,
 And follow after thee with fresh
 And free desires, my disentangled soule,
 Ravisht with admiration, should roule
 It self, and all its thoughts on thee,
 And by beleiving strive to see,
 What is invisible to flesh and blood,
 And only by fruition understood,

The beauty of each sev'ral grace,
That shines in thy Sunne-shaming face.

6.

But what I can doe that I will,
Waking and sleeping, seek thee still :
I'll leave no place unpri'd into behind me,
Where I can but imagine I may find thee :
I'll aske of all I meet, if they
Can tell thee where thou art, which way
Thou go'st, that I may follow after thee,
Which way thou com'st, that thou mai'st meet with me.
If not thy face, Lord, let mine heart
Behold with Moses thy back part.

4 DE60

Embleme 33.



CORDIS VULNERATIO.

Tetendit arcum suum. et posuit me quasi
signum ad sagittam. *Jherem. 3. 12.*

*Mille COR hoc validis. mea lux. transfige sagittis.
Pharmaca sunt tua quę vulnera dextra facit.*

Michel van Lochem excu

The wounding of the Heart.

L A M. 3.12.

*He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark
for the arrow.*

Epigr. 33.

A Thousand of thy strongest shafts, my light,
Draw up against this heart with all thy might,
And strike it through : They, that in need doe stand
Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

O D E. 33.

I.

Nay, spare me not dear Lord, it cannot be
They should be hurt, that wounded are by thee.

Thy shafts will heale the hearts they hit,

And to each sore its salve will fit.

All hearts by Nature are both sick, and sore,

And mine as much as any else, or more :

There is no place that's free from sinne,

Neither without it, nor within,

And universall maladies doe crave

Variety of medicines to have.

2.

First, let the arrow of thy piercing eye,

Whose light outvieth the star-spangled skie,

Strike through the darknesse of my mind,

And leave no cloudy mist behind.

Let thy resplendent rayes of knowledge dart

Bright beames of understanding to mine heart,

To

To my sinne-shadow'd heart, wherein
 Black ignorance did first begin
 To blurre thy beauteous Image, and deface
 The glory of thy self-sufficing grace.

3.

Next let the shaft of thy sharp-pointed pow'r
 Discharged by that strength that can devour
 All difficulties, and encline
 Stout opposition to resign
 Its steely stubbornesse, subdue my will,
 Make it hereafter ready to fulfill
 Thy royall Law of righteousness,
 As gladly, as I must confesse
 It hath fulfilled heretofore th' unjust,
 Prophane, and cruell lawes of its own lust.

4.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave
 The botome of thy Father, and bereave
 Thy self of thy transcendent glory,
 Matter for an eternall story,
 Strike through mine affections all together,
 And let that Sun-shine cleer the cloudy weather,
 Wherein they wander without guide,
 Or order, as the wind, and tide
 Of floting vanities transport, and roile them,
 Till self-begotten trouble, carve and crosse them.

5.

Lord, empty all thy Quivers, let there be
 No corner of my spacious heart left free,
 Till all be but one wound, wherein
 No subtilt sight abhorring sinne
 May lurk in secret unespied by me,
 Or reigne in power unuband by thee.
 Perfect thy purchas'd victory,

That:

That thou mai'st ride triumphantly,
And leading captive all captivity
Mai'st put an end to enmity in me.

6.

Then, blessed Archer, in requitall I
To shoote thine arrowes back again will try.

By pray'rs, and praises, sighs, and sobs,
By vowes, and teares, by groans, and throbs,
I'll see if I can pierce, and wound thine heart,
And vanquish thee againe by thine own art.

Or, that we may at once provide
For all mishaps that may betide,
Shoot thou thy self, thou polisht shaft, to me,
And I will shoot my broken heart to thee.

4 DESO

Embleme 34.



CORDIS INHABITATIO.

Misit Deus spiritum filii sui in
CORDA nostra. . . galat. 4. 6.

Spiritus, ô mea lux, CORDIS tuus incolat ædem.
Sponse, vt amore tue mî redameris, amans.

Michel uan lochem exen

The inhabiting of the Heart.

GAL. 4.6.

*God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son
into your hearts.*

Epigr. 34.

M*ine heart's an house, my light, and thou canst tell
There's roome enough O let thy Spirit dwell
For ever there : that so thou mai'st love me,
And being lov'd I may againe love thee.*

ODE. 34.

I.

Welcome, great guest, this house, mine heart,
Shall all be thine :

I will resigne

Mine interest in ev'ry part :

Only be pleas'd to use it as thine own

For ever, and inhabite it alone :

There's roome enough, and if the furniture

Were answerably fitted, I am sure

Thou would'st be well content to stay,

And by thy light

Possesse my sight

With sense of an eternall day.

2.

It is thy building, Lord, 't was made

At thy command,

And still doth stand

Upheld, and shelter'd by the shade

Of thy protecting providence : though such
 As is decayed, and impaired much,
 Since the removall of thy residence,
 When with thy grace glory departed hence ,
 It hath been all this while an Inne
 To intertaine
 The vile, and vaine,
 And wicked companies of sinne.

3.

Although't be but an house of clay,
 Fram'd out of dust,
 And such as must
 Dissolved be, yet it was gay,
 And glorious indeed, when ev'ry place
 Was furnished, and fitted with thy grace :
 When in the Presence-chamber of my mind,
 The bright Sun-beames of perfect knowledge shin'd :
 When my will was thy Bed-chamber,
 And ev'ry pow'r
 A stately Tow'r
 Sweetned with thy Spirits amber.

4.

But whilst thou do'st thy self absent,
 It is not grown
 Noysome alone,
 But all to pieces torne, and rent.
 The windowes all are stop't, or broken so,
 That no light without wind can thorow goe.
 The roofe's uncover'd, and the wall's decay'd,
 The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlai'd.
 Yea, the foundation rotten is,
 And every where
 It doth appeare
 All that remaines is farre amisse,

5. But

5.

But if thou wilt returne againe,
And dwell in me,
Lord, thou shalt see

What care I'll take to intertaine
Thee, though not like thy self, yet in such sort,
As thou wilt like, and I shall thank thee for't.
Lord, let thy blessed Spirit keep possession,
And all things will be well ; at least confession
Shall tell thee what's amiss in me,
And then thou shalt
Or mend the fault,
Or take the blame of all on thee.

4 DECO

Embleme 35.



CORDIS DILATATIO.

Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri, cum dilatasti

COR meum Psal 118. 52.

Quam volupe est quod amare prius COR duxit amarum.

Angustam lato currere CORDE viam!

36 Michel van Lochem excu

The enlarging of the Heart.

PSAL. 119.32.

I will runne the way of thy Commandements, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

Epigr. 35.

How pleasant is that now, which heretofore
mine heart held bitter, sacred learnings lore?
Enlarged hearts enter with greatest ease
The straightest paths, and runne the narrowest wayes.

ODE. 35.

1.

What a blessed change I find,
Since I intertain'd this guest!
Now me thinks another mind
Moves and rules within my brest.

Surely I am not the same,
That I was before he came,
But I then was much too blame.

2.

When before my God commanded
Any thing he would have done,
I was close, and gripple-handed,
Made an end ere I begunne.

If he thought it fit to lay
Judgements on me, I could say
They are good, but shrink away.

3.

All the wayes of righteousness

I did think were full of trouble,
I complain'd of tediousnesse,
And each duty seemed double.

Whilst I serv'd him but of feare,
Ev'ry minute did appeare
Longer farre then a whole yeare.

4.

Strictnesse in Religion seemed
Like a pined pinion'd thing :
Bolts, and fetters I esteemed
More befitting for a King,

Then for me to bow my neck,
And be at anothers beck,
When I felt my conscience check.

5.

But the case is alter'd now :
He no sooner turnes his eye,
But I quickly bend, and bow,
Ready at his feet to lie :

Love hath taught me to obey
All his precepts, and to say,
Not to morrow, but to day.

6.

What he wills I say I must :
What I must I say I will :
He commanding, it is just
What he would I should fulfill.

Whilst he biddeth I beleeve
What he calls for he will give,
To obey him is to live.

7.

His Command'ments grievous are not
Longer then men think them so :

Though

Though he send me forth I care not,
Whilst he gives me strength to goe.

When, or whither, all is one,
On his bus'nesse, not mine owne,
I shall never goe alone:

8.

If I be compleat in him,
And in him all fulnesse dwelleth.

I am sure aloft to swim,

Whilst that Ocean overfelleth,

Having him that's All in All,

I am confident I shall

Nothing want, for which I call.

4 DE 60

Embleme 36.**CORDIS INFLAMMATIO.**

Concaluit COR meum intra me, et in meditatione

mea exardescet ignis Psal. 38. 4.

Perge Amor et succende mei penetralia CORDIS:

vinat vt in patrio. ceu Salamandra. rogo.

36 Michel uan lochem excu

The inflaming of the Heart.

PSAL. 39.3.

*My heart was hot within me: while I was
musing the fire burned.*

Epigr. 36.

*Spare not, my love, to kindle, and enflame
Mine heart within throughout, untill the same
Breake forth, and burne: that so, thy Salamander,
Mine heart may never from thy furnace wander.*

ODE. 36.

I.

Welcome, holy, heavenly fire,
Kindled by immortall love:
Which descending from above,
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,
And give place
To that grace,

Which with gentle violence
Conquers all corrupt affections,
Rebell Natures insurrections,
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

Lord, thy fire doth heat within,
Warmeth not without alone;
Though it be an heart of stone,
Of it self congeal'd in sinne,
Hard as steel,
If it feel

H

Thy

Thy dissolving pow'r, it groweth
Soft as waxe, and quickly takes
Any print thy Spirit make,
Paying what thou sai'st it oweth.

3.

Of it self mine heart is dark,
But thy fire by shining bright,
Fills it full of saving light
Though't be but a little spark
Lent by thee,
I shall see

More by it, then all the light,
Which in fullest measures streames
From corrupted Natures beames,
Can discover to my sight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice, and snow,
To the things which thou hast chosen,
All benum'd with cold, and frozen,
Yet thy fire will make it glow.

Though it burnes,
When it turnes

Tow'rds the things which thou do'st hate :
Yet thy blessed warmth, no doubt,
Will that wild-fire soone draw out,
And the heat thereof abare.

5.

Lord, thy fire is active, using
Alwayes either to ascend
To its native heav'n, or lend
Heat to others : and diffusing

Of its store
Gathers more,
Never ceasing till it make

All things like it selfe, and longing
To see others come with thronging
Of thy goodnesse to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire enflame
My cold heart so thoroughly,
That the heat may never die,
But continue still the same:

That I may

Ev'ry day

More, and more, consuming sinne,
Kindling others, and attending
All occasions of ascending,
Heaven upon earth begin.

4 DE60

Embleme 37.



CORDIS SCALÆ.

ascensiones in CORDE suo disposuit. Psal. 85.

Vin scalis, dilecta, poli conscendere sedes.

Hic prius in proprio construe CORDE gradus.

Michel uan lochem grēu

The ladder of the Heart.

PSAL. 84. 5.

In whose heart are the wayes of them.

Epigr. 37.

Would'st thou, my love, a ladder have, whereby
Thou mai'st climbe heaven to sit downe on high?
In thine owne heart then frame thee steps, and bend
Tby mind to muse how thou mai'st there ascend.

ODE. 37.

The Soule.

1.

What?

Shall I

Alwayes lie

Grov'ling on earth,

Where there is no mirth?

Why should I not ascend,

And climbe up, where I may mend

My meane estate of misery?

Happinesse I know's exceeding high:

Yet sure there is some remedy for that.

Christ.

2.

True,

There is.

Perfect blisse,

The fruit of love,

May be had above:

But he, that will obtaine

Such a gold-exceeding gaine,

Must never think to reach the same,

And scale heav'ns walls, untill he frame

A ladder in his heart as near as new.

Tb.

The Soule.

3.

Lord,

I will :

But the skill

Is not mine owne :

Such an art 's not knowne,

Unlesse thou wilt it teach :

It is farre above the reach

Of mortall minds to understand.

But if thou wilt lend thine helping hand,

I will endeavour to obey thy Word.

Christ.

4.

Well.

Then, see

That thou be

As ready prest

To performe the rest,

As now to promise faire,

And I'll teach thee how to reare

A scaling-ladder in thine heart

To mount heaven with : no rules of art,

But I alone, can the compofure tell.

5.

First,

Thou must

Take on trust

All that I say,

Reason must not sway

Thy judgement crosse to mine,

But her Scepter quite resigne.

Faith must be both thy ladder sides,

Which will stay thy steps what e'er betides,

And satisfie thine hunger, and thy thirst.

6. Then

6.

Then,
The round
Next the ground,
Which I must see;
Is Humilitie:
From which thou must ascend,
And with perseverance end.
Vertue to vertue, grace to grace,
Must each orderly succeed in'ts place.
And when thou hast done all beginne againe.

4 DE60

Embleme 38.



CORDIS VOLATVS.

Quæ sursum sunt quærite, quæ
sursum sunt sapite. *colloſ. 3. 1.*

Quis mihi Chaonij geminas dabit alius alas.
¶ Pertæsum terrę quæis COR ad astra volet?

The flying of the Heart.

ISA. 60. 5.

*who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the
Doves to their windowes?*

Epigr. 38.

O H that mine heart had wings like to a Dove,
That I might quickly hasten hence, and move
with speedy flight tow'rds the cel.stiall spheares,
As weary of this world, its faults, and feares!

O D E. 38.

I.

This way, though pleasant, yet me thinks is long :
Step after step makes little haste,
And I am not so strong
As still to last.
Among
So great
So many lets :
Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat
My toying soule both fumes and frets,
As though she were inclin'd to a retreat.

2.

Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,
And I am ready still to slip :
Which makes me often stay,
When I should trip
Away.

My feares

H 5

And

And faults, are such,
 As challenge all my teares
 So justly, that it were not much,
 If I in weeping should spend all my yeares.

3.

This makes me weary of the world below,
 And greedy of a place above,
 On which I may bestow,
 My choicest love,
 And so
 Obtaine
 That favour, which
 Exceels all worldly gaine,
 And maketh the possessor rich,
 In happinesse of a transcendent straine.

4.

What? must I still be rooted here below,
 And riveted unto the ground,
 Wherein mine haste to grow
 Will be though sound,
 But flow?
 I know
 The Sunne exhales
 Grosse vapours from below,
 Which, scorning as it were the Vales,
 On mountaine-topping clouds themselves bestow.

5.

But my fault-frozen heart is slow to move,
 Makes poore proceedings at the best,
 As though it did not love,
 Nor long for rest
 Above.
 Mine eyes
 Can upward looke,

As though they did despise
All things on earth, and could not brooke
Their presence : but mine heart is slow to rise.

6.

Oh that it were once winged like the Dove,
That in a moment mounts on high,
Then should it soone remove,
Where it may ly
In love.
And loe,
This one desire
Me thinks hath imp'd it so,
That it already flies like fire,
And ev'n my verses into wings doe grow.

4 DE60

Embleme 39.



CORDIS VNIO.

Dabo eis COR unum. *Exch. ii. 19.*

Vnanimis anime, concordia viuite CORDA,
unum quis velle, et nolle dat vnus amor

39

Michel van lochem excu

The union of the Heart.

E Z E K. 11.19.

I will give them one heart.

Epigr. 39.

Like minded minds, hearts alike heartily
Affected will together live, and die :
Many things meet, and part : but loves great gable
Tying two hearts makes them inseparable.

O D E. 39.

The Soule,

1.

All this is not enough : me thinks I grow
More greedy by fruition : what I get

Serves but to set

An edge upon mine appetite,
And all thy gifts doe but invite

My pray'rs for more.

Lord, if thou wilt not still encrease my store,
Why did'st thou any thing at all bestow?

Christ.

2.

And is 't the fruit of having still to crave ?

Then let thine heart united be to mine,

And mine to thine

In a firme union, whereby

We may no more be thou, and I,

Or, I, and thou,

But both the same : and then I will avow,

Thou canst not want what thou do'st wish to have.

The

The Soule.

3.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me,
 But how to get my stubborne heart to twine,
 And close with thine,
 I doe not know, nor can I guesse
 How I should ever learne, unlesse
 Thou wilt direct

The course that I must take to that effect.
 'Tis thou, not I, must knit mine heart to thee.

Christ.

4.

'T is true, and so I will : but yet thou must
 Doe something tow' rds it too : First, thou must lay
 All sinne away,
 And separate from that, which would
 Our meeting intercept, and hold
 Us distant still :

I am all goodnesse, and can close with ill
 No more, then richest diamonds with dust.

5.

Then thou must not count any earthly thing,
 How ever gay, and gloriously set forth,
 Of any worth,
 Compar'd with me, that am alone
 Th' eternall, high, and holy One :
 But place thy love

Onely on me, and on the things above :
 Which true content, and endlesse comfort bring.

6.

Love is the loadstone of the heart, the glow,
 The cement, and the toder, which alone
 Unites in one

Things that before were not the same,
 But only like, imparts the name,
 And nature too

Of each to th' other : nothing can undoe
The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

7.

But if in deed, and truth thou lovest me,
And not in word alone, then I shall find

That thou dost mind

The things I mind, and regulate

All thine affections, love, and hate,

Delight, desire,

Feare, and the rest, by what I doe require,

And I in thee my self shall alwayes see.

4 DE60

Embleme 40.



CORDIS QUIES.

conuertere, anima mea, in

requiem tuam. psal. 114. 7.

Mobile COR nulla potis est requiescere sede.

Unus ei centrum nam Deus una quies.

40. Michiel van lochem excu

The rest of the Heart.

P S A L. 116.7.

Returne unto thy rest, O my soule.

Epigr. 40.

M*Y busie, stirring heart, that seekes the best,
Can find no place on earth wherein to rest:
For God alone, the author of its blisse,
Its only rest, its onely center is.*

O D E. 40.

1.

Move me no more, mad world, it is in vaine,

Experience tells me plaine

I should deceived be,

If ever I againe should trust in thee.

My weary heart hath ranackt all

Thy treasures both great, and small,

And thy large inventories beares in minde:

Yet could it never finde

One place wherein to rest,

Though it hath often tried all the best.

2.

Thy profits brought me losse in stead of gaine,

And all thy pleasures paine:

Thine honours blurr'd my name

With the deep staines of self-confounding shame.

Thy wisdom made me turne starke fool,

And all the learning, that thy school

Afforded me, was not enough to make

Me

Me know my self, and take
 Care of my better part,
 Which should have perished for all thine heart.

3.

Not that there is not place of rest in thee
 For others : but for me
 There is, there can be, none :
 That God, that made mine heart, is he alone,
 That of himself both can, and will,
 Give rest unto my thoughts, and fill
 Them full of all content, and quietness,
 That so I may possesse
 My soule in patience,
 Untill he find it time to call me hence.

4.

On thee then, as a sure foundation,
 A tried corner-stone,
 Lord, I will strive to raise
 The tow'r of my salvation, and thy praise.
 In thee, as in my center, shall
 The lines of all my longings fall.
 To thee, as to mine anchor, surely t'ide
 My ship shall safely ride:
 On thee, as on my bed
 Of soft repose, I'll rest my weary head.

5.

Thou, thou alone, shalt be my whole desire,
 I'll nothing else require,
 But thee, or for thy sake.
 In thee I'll sleepe secure, and when I wake
 Thy glorious face shall satisfie
 The longing of my looking eye.
 I'll roule my self on thee, as on my rock,

And threatning dangers mock.
Of thee, as of my treasure,
I'll boast, and bragge, my comforts know no measure.

6.

Lord, thou shalt be mine All, I will not know
A profit here below,
But what reflects on thee :
Thou shalt be all the pleasure I will see
In any thing the earth affords.
Mine heart shall owne no words
Of honour, out of which I cannot raise
The matter of thy praise.
Nay, I will not be mine,
Unlesse thou wilt vouchsafe to have me thine.

4 DE60

Embleme 41.



BALNEVM CORDIS. EX
SVDORE SANGVINEO.

Multo labore sudatum est, et non exiuit
de eâ nimia rubigo eius. *Ezech. 24. 12.*

Balnea sanguinei sponsi sudata cruore.

COR ægrum hic tibi quæ dat Paradisus, adi.

41

Michel van loeben excu

The bathing of the Heart.

JOEL 3.21.

*I will cleanse their bloud, that I have not
cleansed.*

Epigr. 41.

T*His bath thy Saviour sweet with drops of bloud,
Sick heart, of purpose for to doe thee good.
They that have tri'd it can the vertue tell,
Come then and use it, if thou wilt be well.*

ODE. 41.

1.

All this thy God hath done for thee :
And now mine heart
It is high time that thou should'st be
Acting thy part,
And meditating on his blessed Passion,
Till thou hast made it thine by imitation.

2.

That exercise will be the best
And surest meanes,
To keep thee evermore at rest,
And free from paines.
To suffer with thy Saviour is the way
To make thy present comforts last for aye.

3.

Trace then the steps, wherein he trade,
And first begin
To sweat with him. The heavy load,
Which for thy sinne

He underwent, squeez'd bloud out of his face,
Which in great drops came trickling downe apace.

4.

Oh let not then that precious bloud
Be spilt in vaine,
But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good
To purge the staine
Of guilt, that hath defil'd, and overspred
Thee from the sole of th' foot to th' crown of th' head.

5.

Poison possesseth every veine,
The fountaine is
Corrupt, and all the streames uncleane :
All is amisse.
Thy bloud's impure, yea thou thy self, mine heart,
In all thine inward pow'rs polluted art.

6.

When thy first father first did ill,
Mans doome was read,
That in the sweat of 's face he still
Should eat his bread.
What the first Adam in the garden caught,
The second Adam in a garden taught.

7.

Taught by his owne example, how
To sweat for sinne,
Under that heavy weight to bow,
And never linne
Begging release, till with strong cries, and teares
The soule be drain'd of all its faults, and feares.

8.

If sins imputed guilt oppress
Th' Almighty so,

That

That his sad soule could find no rest
Under that woe :

But that the bitter agony he felt
Made his pure bloud, if not to sweat, to melt.

9.

Then let that huge inherent masse
Of sinne, that lies

In heapes on thee, make thee surpasse
In teares, and cries,

Striving with all thy strength, untill thou sweat
Such drops as his, though not as good, as great.

10.

And if he thinke it fit to lay
Upon thy back,

Or paines, or duties, as he may
Untill it crack,

Shrinke not away, but straine thine utmost force
To beare them cheerfully without remorse.

4 DE60

Embleme 42.



VINCVLVM CORDIS EX
FVNIBVS CHRISTI.

Traham eos in funiculis Adam. et
in vinculis charitatis. *osca. ii.*

*Crimina te dure fateor, mea fune ligarunt.
Dulcior astringat cor tibi, funis, amor.*

The binding of the Heart.

Hos. 11.4.

*I drew them with cords of a man, with
bands of love.*

Epigr. 42.

M*Y finnes, I doe confesse, a cord were found
Heavy, and hard by thee, when thou wast bound,
Great Lord of love, with them, but thou hast twin'd
Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.*

ODE. 42.

I.

What? could those hands,
That made the world, be subject unto bands?

Could there a cord be found,
Wherewith omnipotence it self was bound?
Wonder mine heart, and stand amaz'd to see

The Lord of liberty
Led captive for thy sake, and in thy stead.

Although he did
Nothing deserving death, or bands, yet he
Was bound, and put to death, to set thee free.

2.

Thy finnes had ti'd
Those bands for thee, wherein thou should'st have di'd :

And thou did'st daily knit
Knots upon knots, whereby thou mad'st them sit
Closer, and faster, to thy faulty self.

So like a cursed else,

I

Helpelesse,

Helplesse, and hopelesse, friendlesse, and forlorne,
The sinke of scorne,
And kennell of contempt, thou should'st have laine
Eternally enthrall'd to endlesse paine.

3.
Had not the Lord
Of love and life been pleased to afford
His helping hand of grace,
And freely put himself into thy place.
So were thy bands transferr'd, but not unti'd,
Untill the time he di'd,
And by his death vanquisht, and conqu' red all,
That Adams fall
Had made victorious. Sinne, Death, and Hell,
Thy fatall foes, under his footstool fell.

4.
Yet he meant not
That thou should'st use the liberty he got.
As it should like thee best,
To wander as thou listest, or to rest
In soft repose careless of his commands :
He that hath loos'd those bands,
Whereby thou wast enslaved to the foes,
Binds thee with those,
Where with he bound himself to doe thee good,
The bands of love, love writ in lines of blood.

5.
His love to thee
Made him to lay aside his Majesty,
And cloathed in a vaile
Of fraile, though faultlesse flesh, become thy baile.
But love requireth love : and since thou art
Loved by him, thy part
It is to love him too : and love affords

The strongest cords
That can be : for it ties, not hands alone,
But heads, and hearts, and soules, and all in one.

6.

Come then, mine heart,
And freely follow the prevailing art
Of thy Redeemers love.
That strong magnetique tie hath pow'r to move
The steeli'lt stubbornesse. If thou but twine,
And twist his love with thine,
And by obedience labour to expresse
Thy thankfulnesse,
It will be hard to say on whether side
The bands are surest, which is fastest tide.

4 DE60

Embleme 43.



FVLCRVM CORDIS
CHRISTI COLUMNA.

Confirmate CORDA uestra *Jacob. 5. 8.*

Nō flores. non poma. meum COR debile poscit.

Fulcis hec tua me christe. columna satis.

43 M. van Lochem excū

The prop of the Heart.

PSAL. 102. 7, 8.

*His heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.
His heart is established, he shall not be
affraid.*

Epigr. 43.

M*Y weak, and feeble heart, a prop must use,
But pleasant fruits, and flow'rs doth refuse:
My Christ my pillar is, on him rely,
Repose, and rest my self, alone will I.*

ODE. 43.

I.

Suppose it true, that whilst thy Saviours side
Was furrowed with scourges he was ti'd

Unto some pillar fast,

Think not, mine heart, it was because he could
Not stand alone, or that left loose he would

Have shrunk away at last.

Such weaknesse suits not with Omnipotence,
Nor could mans malice match his patience.

2.

But, if so done, 't was done to tutor thee,
Whose frailty, and impatience he doth see

Such, that thou hast nor strength,

Nor will, as of thy self, to undergo
The least degree of duty, or of woe,

But would 't be sure at length

To flinch, or faint, or not to stand at all,
Or in the end more fearfully to fall.

3.

Thy very frame, and figure, broad above,
 Narrow beneath, apparently doth prove
 Thou canst not stand alone,
 Without a prop to bolster, and to stay thee.
 To trust to thine own strength would soone betray thee.
 Alas, thou now art growne
 So weak, and feeble, wav'ring, and unstaid,
 Thou shrink'st at the least weight that's on thee laid.

4.

The easiest commandments thou declinest,
 And at the lightest punishments thou whineest :
 Thy restless motions are
 Innumerable, like the troubled sea
 Whose waves are tofs'd, and tumbled ev'ry way.
 The Hound-pursued Hare
 Makes not so many doubles, as thou do'st,
 Till thy crosse courses in themselves are lost.

5.

Get thee some stay that may support thee then,
 And stablish thee, lest thou should'st start againe.
 But where may it be found?
 Will pleasant fruites, or flowers serve the turne?
 No, no, my tott'ring heart will overturne,
 And lay them on the ground.
 Dainties may serve to minister delight,
 But strength is onely from the Lord of might.

6.

Betake thee to thy Christ then, and repose
 Thy selfe in all extremities on those
 His everlasting armes,
 Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds
 The pillars of the earth, and safely folds

His faithfull flocke from harmes.
Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands
Of love tie thee in thy Redeemers hands.

7.

Come life, come death, come devills, come what will,
Yet fast ned so thou shalt stand stedfast still :

And all the pow'rs of hell
Shall not prevaile to shake thee with their shock,
So long as thou art founded on that rock :

No duty shall thee quell,
No danger shall disturbe thy quiet state,
Nor soule-perplexing feares thy mind amate.

4 DE60

Embleme 44.



STIMVLVS CORDIS CHRISTI FLAGELLA.

Virga in dorso eius. qui indiget CORDE. *preu. 12. 13*

Cessat iners. cessant tua cum vigilare flagella:

Coge. Amor. inuitum COR. meliora sequi.

44

M. van Lochem excu

The scourging of the Heart.

PROV. 10. 13.

*A rod is for the backe of him that is void
of understanding.*

Epigr. 44.

W^Hent thou withhold'st thy scourges, dearest love,
My sluggish heart is slack, and slow to move.
Oh let it not stand still, but lash it rather,
And drive it, though unwilling, to thy Father.

ODE. 44.

I.

What doe those scourges on that sacred flesh,
Spotlesse and pure?
Must he, that doth sin-weari'd soules refresh,
Himself endure
Such tearing tortures? Must those sides be gash'd?
Those shoulders lash'd?
Is this the trimming that the world bestowes
Upon such robes of majestie as those?

2.

Is't not enough to die, unlesse by paine
Thou anticipate
Thy death before hand, Lord? What do'st thou meane
To aggravate
The guilt of sinne? or to enhance the price
Thy sacrifice
Amounts to? Both are infinite I know,
And can by no additions greater grow.

3.

Yet dare I not imagine that in vaine
 Thou did'st endure
 One stripe: though not thine owne thereby, my gaine
 Thou did'st procure,
 That when I shall be scourged for thy sake,
 Thy stripes may make
 Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,
 When I remember thou hast borne as much.

4.

As much, and more, for me. Come then mine heart,
 And willingly
 Submit thy selfe to suffer: smile at smart
 And death delie.
 Feare not to feel that hand correcting thee,
 Which set thee free.
 Stripes as the tokens of his love he leaves,
 Who scourgeth ev'ry sonne whom he receives.

5.

There's foolishnesse bound up within thee fast:
 But yet the rod
 Of fatherly correction at the last,
 If blest by God,
 Will drive it farre away, and wisdom give,
 That thou maist live,
 Not to thy self, but him, that first was slaine,
 And died for thee, and then rose againe.

6.

Thou art not onely dull, and slow of pace
 But stnbborne too,
 And refractory, ready to outface,
 Rather then doe,
 Thy duty: though thou know'st it: must be so,

Thou

Thou wilt not go
The way thou should'st, till some affliction
First set thee right, then prick, and spurre thee on.

7.

Top-like thy figure, and condition is,
Neither to stand,
Nor stirre, thy self alone, whilst thou do'st misse
An helping hand
To set thee up, and store of stripes bestow
To make thee goe.

Begge then thy blessed Saviour to transferre
His scourges unto thee, to make thee stirre.

4 DE60

Embleme 45.



SEPLIMENTVM CORDIS CORONA
SPINEA.

Sepiam uiam tuam spinis osee .2.6.
 Ne careat tua spina rosis. COR concolor armet.
 Horto areet syngias. seps diadema feras.
 45. Michel van lohem excu

The hedging of the Heart.

Hos. 2.6.

I will hedge up thy way with thornes.

Epigr. 45.

HE, that of thornes would gather roses, may
In his own heart, if handled the right way.
Hearts hedged with Christs Crowne of thornes, in stead
Of thorny cares, will sweetest roses breed.

ODE 45.

I.

A crowne of thornes ! I thought so : ten to one,
A crowne without a thorne there's none :
There's none on earth I meane, what shall I then
Rejoyce to see him crown'd by men,
By whom Kings rule, and reigne ? Or shall I scorne,
And hate, to see earths curse, a thorne,
Prepost'rously preferr'd to crowne those browes,
From whence all blisse, and glory flowes ?

Or shall I both be clad,

And also sad,

To think it is a crowne, and yet so bad ?

2.

There's cause enough of both, I must confesse :

Yet, what's that unto me, unlesse

I take a course his crowne of thornes may be

Made mine, transferr'd from him to me ?

Crownes had they been of starres could adde no more

Glory, where there was all before, (worse,

And thornes might scratch him, could not make him

Then

Then he was made sinne, and a curse.

Come then, mine heart, take downe

Thy Saviours Crowne

Of thornes, and see if thou canst make't thine owne.

3.

Remember first, thy Saviours head was crown'd

By the same hands that did him wound :

They meant it not to honour, but to scorne him,

When in such sort they did bethorne him.

Think earthly honours such, if they redound

Not to his glory, th' are not found.

Never beleeve they minde to dignifie

Thee, that thy Christ would crucifie.

Think ev'ry crowne a thorne,

Unlesse 't adorne

Thy Christ, as well as him, by whom 't is worne.

4.

Consider then that, as the thorny crowne

Circled thy Saviours head, thine owne

Continuall care to please him, and provide

For the advantage of his side,

Must fence thine actions, and affections so,

That they shall neither dare to goe

Out of that compasse, nor vouchsafe access

To what might make that care goe lesse.

Let no such thing draw nigh,

Which shall not spie

Thornes ready plac'd to prick it till it die.

5.

Thus, compass'd with thy Saviours thorny Crowne,

Thou mai'st securely sit thee downe,

And hope that he, who made of water wine,

Will turne each Thorne unto a vine,

Were thou most fragrant grapes, and to delight thee

Roses :

Roses : nor need the prickles fright thee.
Thy Saviours sacred temples tooke away
The curse, that in their sharpnesse lay.
So thou mai'st crowned be,
As well as he,
And at the last light in his light shalt see.

4 DE60

Embleme 46.



COMPVNCTIO CORDIS
CLAVO TIMORIS DEI.
confortauit eum clauis ut non
moueretur. *Isaia. 41. 7.*

*Hoc mihi cor sancti clauo transfige timoris.
Pro me qui clauis in cruce fixus eras.*
48 *Michel van Lochem excu*

The fastening of the Heart.

JER. 32. 40.

*I will put my feare in their hearts, that
they shall not depart from me.*

Epigr. 46.

Thou, that wast nailed to the Crosse for me,
Lest I should slip, and fall away from thee,
Drive home thine holy feare into mine heart,
And clench it so, that it may ne'er depart.

ODE. 46.

What? dost thou struggle to get loose againe?
Hast thou so soone forgot the former paine,
That thy licentious bondage unto sinne,
And lust enlarged thralldome, put thee in?
Hast thou a mind againe to rove, and ramble
Rogue-like a vagrant through the world, and scramble
For scraps, and crusts of earth-bred base delights,
And change thy dayes of joy for tedious nights
Of sad repentant sorrow?
What? wilt thou borrow
That grieve to day, which thou must pay to morrow?

2.

No, self-deceiving heart, lest thou shouldst cast
Thy cords away, and burst the bands at last
Of thy Redeemers tender love, I'll try
What further fastnesse in his feare doth lie.
The cords of love soaked in lust may rot,

And

And bands of bounty are too oft forgot :
 But holy fillall feare, like to a naile
 Fast'ned in a sure place, will never faile.

This driven home will take
 Fast hold, and make
 Thee that thou darest not thy God forsake.

3.

Remember how, besides thy Saviours bands,
 Wherewith they led him bound, his holy hands,
 And feet, were pierced, how they nail'd him fast
 Unto his bitter crosse, and how at last
 His precious side was goared with a speare.
 So hard sharp-pointed ir'n, and steel did teare
 His tender flesh, that from those wounds might flow
 The sov'raigne salve for sin-procured woe.

Then that thou may'st not faile
 Of that availe,
 Refuse not to be fast'ned with his naile.

4.

Love in an heart of flesh is apt to taint,
 Or be fly-blowne with folly : and its faint
 And feeble spirits, when it shewes most faire;
 Are often fed on by the empty aire
 Of popular applause, unless the salt
 Of holy feare in time prevent the fault :
 But season'd so it will be kept for ever.

He, that doth feare because he loves, will never
 Adventure to offend,

But alwayes bend
 His best endeavours to content his friend.

5.

Though perfect love cast out all servile feare,
 Because such feare hath torment : yet thy dear
 Redeemer meant not so to set thee free,

That

That filiall feare, and thou should strangers be.
Though, as a sonne, thou honour him thy father,
Yet, as a master, thou maist feare him rather.
Feare's the soules Centinell, and keeps the heart,
Wherein love lodges. so, that all the art,
And industry, of those,
That are its foes,
Cannot betray it to its former woes.

4 DE60

Embleme 47.



MVSTVM CORDIS E
TORCVLARI CRVCIS.

Vinum lætificet COR hominis. Psal. 103. 15.

En Cypri premitur botrus, COR exape. grata

De torculari quæ cruce vna flumit.

M. van Lochem excu

The new wine of the Heart.

PSALM 104. 115.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

Epigr. 47.

CHrist the true Vine, grape, cluster, on the Crosse
Trod the Winepresse alone, unto the losse
Of bloud, & life. Draw, thankfull heart, and spare not:
Here's wine enough for all, save those that care not.

ODE. 47.

1.

Leave not thy Saviour now, what ev'r thou do'st,
Doubtfull distrustfull heart,
Thy former paines, and labours, all are lost,
If now thou shalt depart,
And faithlesly fall off at last from him,
Who to redeeme thee spar'd nor life nor limme.

2.

Shall he, that is thy Cluster, and thy Vine,
Tread the winepresse alone,
Whilst thou stand'st looking on? Shall both the wine,
And worke be all his owne?
See how he bends, crusht with the straitned Screw
Of that fierce wrath, that to thy finnes was due.

3.

Although thou canst not helpe to beare it, yet
Thrust thy selfe under too,
That thou mai'st feel some of the weight, and get
Although not strength to doe,
Yet will to suffer something as he doth,

That

That the same stresse at once may squeeze you both.

4.

Thy Saviour being press'd to death, there ran
Out of his sacred wounds

That wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,
And all his foes confounds.

Yea, the full-flowing fountain's open still
For all grace-thirsting hearts to drinke their fill.

5.

And not to drinke alone, to satiate

Their longing appetites,

Or drowne those cumbrous cares, that would abate

The edge of their delights,

But, when they toyle, and foile themselves, with sinne,
Both to refresh, to purge, and cleanse them in.

6.

Thy Saviour hath begun this Cup to thee,

And thou must not refuse't,

Presse then thy sin-swoll'n sides, untill they be
Empty, and fit to use't.

Doe not delay to come, when he doth call,
Nor feare to want, where there's enough for all.

7.

Thy bounteous Redeemer in his bloud

Fills thee not wine alone,

But likewise gives his flesh to be thy food,

Which thou mai'st make thine owne,

And feede on him, who hath himself revealed

The bread of Life by God the Father sealed.

8.

Nay, he's not food alone, but physicke too,

When ever thou art sick,

And in thy weakneile strength, that thou mai'st doe

Thy

Thy duty, and not stick
At any thing, that he requires of thee,
How hard soever it may seeme to be.

9.

Make all the haste then that thou canst to come,
Before the day be past,
And think not of returning to thy home,
Whilst yet the light doth last.
The longer, and the more thou draw'st this wine,
Still thou shalt find it more, and more divine.

10.

Or if thy Saviour think it meet to throw
Thee in the Presse againe,
To suffer as he did : yet doe not grow
Displeased at thy paine :
A Summer season followes Winter weather,
Suff'ring you shall be glorifi'd together.

REVEL. 22. 17.

*The Spirit, and the Bride say, Come. And
let him that heareth say, Come. And let him
that is athirst, come. And whosoever will,
let him take the water of life freely.*

4 DE60

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The CONCLUSION.

Is this my period? Have I now no more
To do hereafter? Shall my mind give o're
Its best imployment thus, and idle be,
Or busi'd otherwise? Should I not see

How to improve my thoughts more thriftily,
Before I lay these Heart-School Lectures by?

Self-knowledge is an everlasting task,
An endless work, that doth not onely ask
A whole man for the time, but challengeth
To take up all his houres until death.

Yet as in other Schools they have a care
To call for repetitions, and are
Busi'd as well in seeking to retain

What they have learn'd already, as to gain

Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by
Invention, whilst they practise memory:

Must I likewise take some time to view

What I have done, ere I proceed anew.

Perhaps I may have cause to interline,

Alter, or to adde: the Work is mine,

And I may manage it, as I see best,

With my great Masters leave. Then here I rest

From taking out new lessons, till I see

How I retain the old in memory.

And if it be his pleasure, I shall say

These lessons before others, that they may,

Or learn them too, or only censure me;

I'll wait with patience the success to see.

And though I look not to have leave to play,

For that this School allowes not, yet I may

Another time perhaps, if they approve

Of these, such as they are, and shew their love

To the School of the Heart, by calling for't,

Adde other lessons more of the like sort.

FINIS.

4 DE 60

The CONCLUSION.

Is this my period? Have I now no more
To do hereafter? Shall my mind give o're
Its best imployment thus, and idle be,
Or busi'd otherwise? Should I not see

How to improve my thoughts more thriftily,
before I lay these Heart-School Lectures by?

Self-knowledge is an everlasting task,
an endless work, that doth not onely ask
a whole man for the time, but challengeth
to take up all his houres until death.

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busi'd as well in seeking to retain

what they have learn'd already, as to gain
further degrees of knowledge, and lay by
convention, whilst they practise memory:

Must I likewise take some time to view
what I have done, ere I proceed anew.

Perhaps I may have cause to interline,
to alter, or to adde: the Work is mine,
and I may manage it, as I see best,

With my great Masters leave. Then here I rest
from taking out new lessons, till I see
How I retain the old in memory.

And if it be his pleasure, I shall say
These lessons before others, that they may,
Or learn them too, or only censure me;
I'll wait with patience the success to see.

And though I look not to have leave to play,
For that this School allowes not, yet I may
Another time perhaps, if they approve

Of these, such as they are, and shew their love

To the *School of the Heart*, by calling for't,
Adde other lessons more of the like sort.

FINIS.